BRARY·CHICAGO

Covent Garden prompt books

v. 5

PB

WHICH IS THE MAN?

A

C O M E D Y,

AS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

By Mrs. COWLEY.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for C. DILLY, in the Poultry.

1785.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

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K1453

It having been reported, that the Comedy was written by a Military Character; a Gentleman of acknowledged genius favoured the Author with the following

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by MR. LEE LEWES, *dreſſed as an Officer.*

CALL'D forth Thalia's ſtandard to diſplay,
And here maintain her ſov'reign comic ſway,
As Chief——I'll reconnoitre well the ground,
To learn what hoſtile lines are drawn around!
[*Surveys the Houſe with a glaſs.*
That's not a dark defile in yonder glade;——
For ſhould it prove a treach'rous ambuſcade,
No *puffing* miners have I here in pay,
To ſap their works, or turn their covert way;
No mercenary band who have been wont
To hack and hew like pioneers, in front!
With flying ſhells our Engineers ſhall try
That well-mann'd battlement which tow'rs ſo high!
[*Pointing to the Upper Gallery.*
Beneath, our point-blank ſhot will ſurely reach,
And in yon half-moon'd battery make a breach.
[*To the Second Gallery.*
Theſe lovely breaſt-works that adorn the field,
To Nature's gentle ſummons ſoon muſt yield!
[*Side-Boxes, &c.*
This advanc'd poſt the picket-guard to keep,
And that reſerve, who are entrench'd chin deep,
We hope to carry by a bold exertion,
At leaſt amuſe with ſome well-plann'd diverſion!
[*To the Pit.*
My troops are vet'rans:—it has been their lot,
To form in front of ſervice hiſſing-hot;
Who, when their ranks are gall'd, or put to flight,
Are ſure to rally, and renew the fight,
Unleſs—and then no light-dragoons ſcour fleeter,
Their powder fails for want of true ſalt-petre!
Our plan's avow'd; it is from this firm ſtation,
To gain the heights of public approbation!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Lord Sparkle, - - -	Mr. *Lee Lewes.*
Fitzherbert, - - -	Mr. *Henderson.*
Beauchamp, - - -	Mr. *Lewis.*
Belville, - - - -	Mr. *Wroughton.*
Pendragon, - - -	Mr. *Quick.*

WOMEN.

Lady Bell Bloomer, - -	Miss *Younge.*
Julia, - - - - -	Miss *Satchell.*
Sophy Pendragon, - -	Mrs. *Mattocks.*
Clarinda, - - - -	Mrs. *Morton.*
Kitty, - - - -	Mrs. *Wilson.*
Tiffany, - - - -	Mrs. *Davenett.*
Mrs. Johnson, - - -	Miss *Platt.*

Ladies, - - Miss *Stewart*, Mrs. *Poussin*, &c.
Gentlemen, - Mr. *Booth*, Mr. *Robson*, &c.

Servants to Lord Sparkle, Belville, Lady Bell, &c.

1829.
Scott
Waverley

Kenilworth

Anne of Geierstein

Dec^r 17^th 1829.

Another Prompt Book

the next time that

Comedy is acted.

(By order of Mr C. Kemble.)

WHICH IS THE MAN?

ACT I. SCENE I.

A DRAWING-ROOM. *Knock LH Door*

RH
Enter (Mrs. JOHNSON *crosses the Stage, a Boy following.)*

Mrs. Johnſ. HERE, Betty, Dick! Where are ye? Don't you ſee my Lord *Sparkle's* carriage?—I ſhall have my lodgers diſturbed with their thundering.——What, in the name of wonder, can bring him here at this time in the morning?——Here he comes, looking like a rake as he is!

LH Enter LORD SPARKLE *(yawning).*

Spark. Bid 'em turn; I ſha'nt ſtay a moment.——So, Mrs. *Johnſon*, I pull'd the ſtring juſt to ſee how your Sylvans go on.

Mrs. Johnſ. As uſual, my Lord; but, bleſs me! how early your Lordſhip is!

Spark. How late, you mean.—I have not been in bed ſince yeſterday at one!—I am going home now to reſt for an hour or two, and then to the Drawing-room.—But what are the two ruſtics about? I have not been plagued with them theſe three or four days.

Mrs. Johnſ. They are now out.

Spark. I ſuppos'd that, or I ſhould not have call'd.—— But prithee, do they talk of returning to their native woods again?

2

Mrs. Johnf. Oh no, Sir!—The young gentleman ſeems to have very different ideas:—Miſs, too, has great ſpirits, though ſhe ſeems now and then at a loſs what to do with herſelf.

Spark. Do with herſelf! Why don't you perſuade her to go back to Cornwall? You ſhould tell 'em what a vile place London is, full of ſnares, and debaucheries, and witch-crafts.—You don't *preach* to 'em, *Johnſon.*

Mrs. Johnf. Indeed I do, my Lord; and their conſtant anſwer is, "Oh, Lord *Sparkle* is our friend? Lord *Sparkle* "would take it amiſs if we ſhould go; 'twould look like "diſtruſting his Lordſhip."

Spark. Was ever man ſo hamper'd!—Two fools! to miſtake common forms and civilities for attachments.

Mrs. Johnf. I fear, my Lord, towards the young Lady ſomething *more* than forms——

Spark. (interrupting) Never, upon my honour!—I kiſſed her; ſo I did all the women in the pariſh—the ſeptennial ceremony. The brother I us'd to drink vile Port with, liſten to his village-ſtories, call his vulgarity wit, and his impodence ſpirit; was not that fatigue and mortification enough, but I muſt be *bored* with 'em here in Town?

Mrs. Johnf. But, *Miſs*, Sir, talks of preſſing invitations and letters, and——

Spark. Things of courſe; they had influence, and got me the borough. I, in return, ſaid ſhe was the moſt charming girl in the world; that I ador'd her; and ſome few things that every body ſays on ſuch occaſions, and nobody thinks of.

Mrs. Johnf. But it appears that Miſs *did* think——

Spark. Yes, 'faith: and on my writing a civil note that I ſhould be happy to ſee them in Town, *et cætera*—which I meant to have ſuſpended our acquaintance till the General Election—they took me at my Word; and before I thought the letter had reach'd 'em, they were in my houſe, all joy and congratulation. I didn't chuſe to be encumber'd with 'em, ſo placed 'em with you. The Boy was at firſt amuſing, but our Circles have had him, and I muſt be rid of him.

Mrs. Johnf. I muſt ſay, I wiſh I was quit of them at preſent; for my conſtant lodger Mr. *Belville* came to town laſt night, and he wants this drawing-room to himſelf: he's oblig'd to ſhare it now with Mr. *Pendragon* and his ſiſter.

Spark.

2.

Spark. Hey! *Belville!*—'Gad, that's lucky! There is not a fellow in Town better receiv'd by the women.—Throw the girl in his way, and get quit of her at once.

Mrs. Johnſ. If you mean diſhoneſtly, my Lord, you have miſtaken your perſon: I did not live ſo many years with your mother to be capable of ſuch a thing.—Ah, my Lord, if my Lady were living——

Spark. She would ſcold to little purpoſe,---and you may ſpare yourſelf the trouble.——I tell you, I care nothing about the girl: I merely want to get rid of her, and you muſt aſſiſt me.—*(Mrs. Johnſon turns from him with diſguſt)* ——Hey-dey! the nicety of your Ladyſhip's honour is piqued! Ha! ha! ha!—the miſtreſs of a lodging-houſe!—*Bien drole*—Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit Mrs. Johnſon.* RH

But who is this hobbling up ſtairs?—Ha! old Cato the Cenſor, my honourable couſin!—What the devil ſhall I do?—No avoiding him, however.—

LH *Enter Mr.* FITZHERBERT.

I wiſh I had been out of the houſe, *Fitzherbert*, before you appeared! I know I ſhall not eſcape without ſome abuſe.

Fitz. I never throw away reproof, where there are no hopes of amendment—your Lordſhip is ſafe.

Spark. Am I to take that for wit?

Fitz. No; for then I fear you would not underſtand it.

Spark. Poſitively, you muſt give me more of the felicity of your converſation: I want you to teach me ſome of that happy eaſe which you poſſeſs in your rudeneſs; 'twould be to me an acquiſition. I am eternally getting into the moſt horrid ſcrapes, merely by politeneſs and good-breeding.—Here are two perſons now in this houſe, for inſtance——

Fitz. (interrupting) Who do *not* know, that the language of what *you* call politeneſs, differs from that of truth and honour.—You ſee I know thoſe to whom you allude.—But we only loſe time!—Good day, my Lord!

Spark. Loſe time! Ha! ha! ha!—Why, of what value can time be to you? the greateſt enemy you have, adding every day to your wrinkles and ill-humour. I'll prove to you now, that I have employ'd the laſt twelve hours to better purpoſe than you have. Nine of them you ſlept away—the laſt three you have been running about Town, *ſnarling* and making people uneaſy with themſelves;—whilſt I

 have

have been sitting peaceably at Weltjie's, where I have won —gues's what?

Fitz. Half as much as you lost yesterday—a thousand or two guineas, perhaps.

Spark. Guineas! Poh! you are jesting! Guineas are as scarce with us, as in the coffers of the Congress. Like them we stake with counters, and play for solid earth.

Fitz. (impatiently) Well!

Spark. Bullion is a mercantile kind of wealth, passing thro' the hands of dry-salters, vinegar-merchants, and Lord-Mayors!—*Our* Goddess holds a cornucopia instead of a purse from which she pours corn-fields, fruitful vallies, and rich herds. This morning she popp'd into my dice-box a snug villa, five hundred acres, arable and pasture, with the next presentation to the living of Guzzleton.

Fitz. A church-living in a dice-box! Well, well; I suppose it will be bestow'd as worthily as it was gain'd!---Good day, my Lord, good day! [*Turning from him.*

Spark. Good night, Crabtree—good night! [*Going off.*

RH Enter a SERVANT.

Tell *Belville* I call'd to congratulate his escape from the stupid country. [*Going.*

Fitz. My Lord!

Spark. (returning) Sir!

Fitz. I am going this morning to visit Lady *Bell Bloomer*. —I give you this intimation, that we may not risk another rencontre.

Spark. Civilly design'd; and for the same polite reason I inform you, that I shall be there in the evening.

[*Exit Lord* Sparkle.

Fitz. Your master in bed yet! What time was he in Town yesterday?

Serv. Late, Sir.—We should have been earlier, but we met with Sir Harry Hairbrain on the road, with his new fox-hounds.—Fell in with the hunt at Bagshot—broke cover, run the first burst across the heath towards Datchet; ---she then took right an end for Egham, sunk the wind upon us as far as Staines, where Reynard took the road to Oxford, and we the route to Town, Sir. [*Bowing.*

Fitz. Very geographical indeed, Sir.---Now, pray inform your master——Oh, here we come!

Enter

3

Serv^t Xs and Exit LH

RH Enter BELVILLE *in a robe de chambre.*

Juſt riſen from your pillows!——Are you not aſham'd of this? A fox-hunter, and in bed at eleven!

Belv. My dear, moroſe, charming, quarrelſome old friend, I am ever in character!—In the country, I defy fatigue and hardſhip.—Up before the lazy ſlut Aurora has put on her pink-coloured gown to captivate the plough-boys—ſcamper over hedge and ditch. Dead with hunger, alight at a cottage; drink milk from the hands of a brown wench, and eat from a wooden platter. In Town, I am a fine gentleman; have my hair exactly dreſſed; my cloaths *au dernier gout*; dine on made-diſhes; drink Burgundy; and, in a word, am every-where the *ton*.

Fitz. So much the worſe, ſo much the worſe, young man! To be the *ton* where Vice and Folly are the ruling deities, proves that you muſt be ſometimes a fool, at others a——

Belv. (interrupting) Pſha! you ſatirifts, like moles, ſhut your eyes to the light, and grope about for the dark ſide of the human character: there is a great deal of good-ſenſe and good-meaning in the world. As for its follies, I think folly a mighty pleaſant thing; at leaſt, to play the fool *gracefully*, requires more talents than would ſet up a dozen cynics.

Fitz. Then half the people I know muſt have *wonderful* talents, for they have been playing the fool from ſixteen to ſixty.——*Apropos!* I found my precious kinſman Lord *Sparkle* here.

Belv. Ay! there's an inſtance of the happy effects of total indifference to the ſage maxims you recommend.

Fitz. Happy effects do you call them?

Belv. Moſt triumphant! Who ſo much admired? who ſo much the faſhion?—the general favourite of the Ladies, and the common object of imitation with the men. Is not Lord *Sparkle* the happy man, who's to carry the rich and charming widow Lady *Bell Bloomer* from ſo many rivals? —And will not you, after quarreling with him half your life, leave him a fine eſtate at the end of it?

Fitz. No, no!—I tell you, No! [*With warmth.*

Belv. Nay, his ſucceſs with the widow is certain.—He boaſts his triumph every-where; and as ſhe is ſuch a favourite of yours, every thing elſe will follow.

Fitz. No; for if ſhe marries *Sparkle*, ſhe will be no longer a favourite. Yet ſhe receives him with a degree of diſtinction

distinction that sometimes makes me fear it; for we frequently see women of accomplishments and beauty, to which every heart yields homage, throw themselves into the arms of the debauched, the silly, and the vain.

LH Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. *Beauchamp.* [*Exit. LH*

Fitzh. Oh! I expected him to call on you this morning. You must obtain his confidence; it will assist me in my designs. When I found myself disappointed in my hopes of his Lordship, I selected *Beauchamp* from the younger branches of my family: but of this he knows nothing, and thinks himself under high obligations to the patronage of the Peer; an error in which I wish him to continue, as it will give me an opportunity of proving them both.—— But here he comes!—This way I can avoid him. [*Exit. RH*

LH Enter BEAUCHAMP.

Belv. Beauchamp!——and in regimentals!——Why, prithee, *George*, what spirit has seized thee now? When I saw thee last, thou wert devoted to the grave profession of the Law, or the Church; and I expected to have seen thee invelop'd in wig, wrangling at the bar; or seated in a fat benefice, receiving tythe-pigs and poultry.

Beauch. Those, *Belville*, were my school-designs; but the fire of youth gave me ardors of a different sort. The heroes of the Areopagus and the Forum have yielded to those of Marathon; and I feel, that whilst my country is struggling amidst surrounding foes, I ought not to devote a life to learned indolence, that might be gloriously hazarded in her defence.

Belv. (smiling) I shan't give you credit now for that fine flourish.——This sudden ardor for "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,"—I dare swear this heroic spirit springs from the whim of some fine Lady, who fancied you would be a smarter fellow in a cockade and gorget, than in a stiff band and perriwig.

Beauch. If your insinuation means that my heart has not been insensible of the charms of some fair Lady, you are right; but my transformation is owing to no whim of her's: for, oh *Charles!* she never yet condescended to make me the object of her thoughts.

Belv. Modest too!—Ay, you were right to give up the Law,

Mr Heath.

4.

R. A. 13.

Law.— But who, pray, may this exalted Fair-one be who never *condescended?*

Beauch. I never suffer my lips to wanton with the charming sounds that form her name. I have a kind of *mighty* felicity in gloating on her dear idea, that would be impaired, should it be known to exist in my heart.

Belv. Ha! ha! ha! who *can* be the nymph who has inspired so *obsolete* a passion!—In the days of chivalry it wou'd have been the *ton*.

Beauch. I will gratify you thus far: The Lady has beauty, wit, and spirit; but, above all, a *mind*.—Is it possible, *Charles*, to love a woman without a mind?

Belv. Has she a mind for you? That is the most important question.

Beauch. I dare not feed my passion with so presumptuous a hope; yet I would not extinguish it, if I could: for it is not a love that tempts me into corners to wear out my days in complaints: it prompts me to use them for the most important purposes:—the ardors it gives me, shall be felt in the land of our enemies; they shall know how *well* I love.

Belv. Poh! poh! this is the gallantry of One Thousand One Hundred and One; the kind of passion that animated our fathers in the fields of Cressy and Poictiers.——Why, no Beauty of our age, man, will be won in this stile!—— Now, suppose yourself at the Opera *(looking through his hand)* "Gad, that's a fine girl! Twenty thousand, you "say? I think I'll have her. Yes, she'll do! I—I must "have her! I'll call on her to-morrow and tell her so." Have you spirit and courage enough for that, my Ach illes?

Beauch. No truly.

Belv. Then give up all thoughts of being received.

Beauch. I have no thoughts of hazarding a reception. The pride of birth, and a few hundreds for my education, were the sole patrimony the imprudence of a father left me. My relation Lord *Sparkle* has procured for me a commission. —Generously to offer that and a knapsack to a Lady of five thousand a-year, would be properly answered by a contemptuous dismission.

Belv. But suppose she should take a fancy to your knapsack?

Beauch. That would reduce *me* to the necessity of depriving *myself* of a happiness I would die to obtain; for never

never can I submit to be quartered on a Wife's fortune, whilst I have a sword to carve subsistence for myself.

Belv. That may be in the *great* stile; but 'tis scarcely in the *polite*. Will you take chocolate in my dressing-room?

Beauch. No; I am going to take orders at my Colonel's: where shall we meet in the evening?

Belv. 'Faith, 'tis impossible to tell! I commit myself to Chance for the remainder of the day, and shall finish it as she directs. [*Exeunt at opposite sides.*

2nd *Scene changes to an Apartment at* CLARINDA's.

Enter CLARINDA, *reading a Catalogue, followed by* TIFFANY.

Clar. Poor Lady Squander! So Christie has her jewels and furniture at last!——I must go to the sale.——Mark that Dresden service, and the pearls. *(Gives the catalogue to the Maid)* It must be a great comfort to her to see her jewels worn by her friends.—Who was here last night? *(sitting down, and taking some cards from the table)* I came home so late, I forgot to enquire!——Mrs. *Jessamy*—Lady *Racket*—Miss *Belvoir*—Lord *Sparkle (starting up)*—Lord *Sparkle* here! ~~Oh Heavens and earth~~! what possessed me to go to Lady *Price*'s? I wish she and her concert of three fiddles and a flute had been playing to her kids on the Welsh mountains!—Why did you persuade me to go out last night?

Tiff. Dear ma'am, you seem'd so low-spirited, that I thought——

Clar. I missed him every-where!—At four places he was just gone as I came in.—But what does it signify?—'Twas Lady *Bell Bloomer* he was seeking, ~~I dare swear,~~—his attachment to the *relict* is every-where the subject. Hang those widows! I really believe there's something cabalistical in their names.—No less than fourteen fine young fellows of fortune have been drawn into the matrimonial noose by them since last February.——'Tis well they were threatened with imprisonment, or we should not have had an unmarried Infant above seventeen, between Charing-Cross and Portman-Square.

Tiff. Well, I am sure I wish Lady *Bell* was married; she's always putting you out of temper.

Clar. Have I not cause? Till she broke upon the Town, I was at the top of fashion—you know I was. My dress, my equipage, my furniture, and myself, were the criterions of

— { Beauch LH
Belv — RH

Chair - V Table { Smoke Dr.

Fodman

of taſte; but a new French chamber-maid enabled her Ladyſhip at one ſtroke to turn the tide againſt me.

Tiff. Ay, I don't know what good theſe Mademoiſelles——

Clar. (*interrupting*) But, *Tiffany*, ſhe is to be at court to-day, out of mourning for the firſt time: I am reſolved to be there.——No, I won't go ~~neither, now I think on't.~~ —If ſhe ſhou'd really outſhine me, her triumph will be increaſed by my being witneſs to it.——I won't go to St. James's; but I'll go to her route this evening, and, if 'tis poſſible, prevent Lord *Sparkle*'s being particular to her.— Perhaps that will put her in an ill-humour, and then the advantage will be on my ſide. [*Exit* Clarinda. LH

Tiff. Mercy on us! To be a chamber-maid to a *Miſs* on the brink of Thirty requires as good politics, as being Prime Miniſter! Now, if ſhe ſhould not riſe from her toilette quite in looks to-day, or if the deſertion of a lover, or the victory of a rival, ſhould happen, ten to one but I ſhall be forced to reſign, without even a Penſion to retire on. [*Exit* Tiffany. LH

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

21, Minute

ACT II. SCENE I.

An elegant Apartment at LADY BELL BLOOMER'S.

RH Enter JULIA, *with Papers in her Hand.*

Julia. WHAT an invaluable treasure! Those dear papers, that have lain within the frigid walls of a Convent, insensible, and unintersting to every one around them, contain for *me* a world of happiness. He is in England! How little he suspects that *I* too am here!

RH Enter KITTY. *L*

Kitty. Mr. *Fitzherbert* will be here immediately, Ma'am.

Julia. Mr. *Fitzherbert!* Very well. Has Lady *Bell* finished dressing yet?

Kitty. *(speaking exceedingly fast)* No, Ma'am.—Mr. *Crape* the hair-dresser has been with her these three hours, and her maid is running here and there, and Mr. *John* flying about to milliners and perfumers, and the new *vis-a-vis* at the door to carry her Ladyship to court.—Every thing black banished, and the liveries come home shining with silver; and the moment she's gone out, every body will be in such a delightful hurry about the route that her Ladyship is to give this evening; that they say all the world——

Julia. Ha! ha! ha! Prithee stop! I can't wonder if Lady *Bell* shou'd be transported at dropping her weeds, for it seems to have turn'd the heads of the whole family.

Kitty. Oh! dearee, Ma'am, to be sure! for now we shall be so gay! Lady *Bell* has such fine spirits!——And 'tis well she has; for the servants tell me, their old master would have broke her heart else.—They all adore her!——I wish you were a little gayer, Ma'am!——Somehow we are so dull!—'Tis a wonder so young and so pretty a Lady—

Julia. Don't run into impertinence.—I have neither the taste nor talents for public life that Lady *Bell Bloomer* has.

Kitty. Laws, Ma'am, 'tis all use! *You* are always at home; but Lady *Bell* knows, that wit and a fine person are not given for a fire-side *at home (drawling)*. She shines every evening

Table
& Chairs.

I.

Tapers & Bouquet on Do Vase

Ly. Bell (Scotland Pl.) Wait the Carriage
round immediately.

evening in half the houſes of half-a-dozen pariſhes, and the next morning we have ſtanzas in the *Bevy of Beauties*, and ſonnets, and billets-doux, and all the fine things that fine Ladies are ſo fond of.

Julia. I can bear your freedoms no longer!—Carry theſe flowers with my compliments, and tell her Ladyſhip I ſent to Richmond for them, as I know her fondneſs for natural bouquets; and bid Harry deny me to every body this morning, except Mr. *Fitzherbert*.

[*Exit* Kitty. *RH*

LH Enter Mr. FITZHERBERT.

Fitz. Happily excepted, my dear Ward! But I ſuppoſe you heard my ſtep, and threw in my name for a douceur. I can hardly believe, that when you ſhut your doors on youth and flattery, you would open them to a croſs old man, who ſeldom entertains you with any thing but your faults.

Julia. How you miſtake, Sir! You are the greateſt flatterer I have: your whole conduct flatters me with eſteem, and love; and as you do not *ſquander* theſe things—— (*ſmiling*)

Fitz. There I muſt correct you.——I do ſquander them on few objects, indeed; and they are proportionably warmer. I feel attachments fifty times as ſtrong as your good-humour'd ſmiling people, who are every one's humble ſervant, and every body's friend. Where is Lady *Bell?*

Julia. Yet at her toilette, I believe. My dear Sir, I am every hour more grateful to you, for having given me ſo charming a friend.

Fitz. So I would have you. When you came from France, I prevailed on her Ladyſhip to allow you her ſociety, that you might add to the poliſh of elegant manners the graces of an elegant mind. Here ſhe comes! her tongue and her heels keeping time.

RH Enter Lady BELL. *X to Centre*

Ay, ay, if all the women in the world were prating young widows, love and gallantry would die away, and our men grow *reaſonable* and *diſcreet*.

Lady Bell. Oh you monſter! But I am in ſuch divine ſpirits, that nothing you ſay can deſtroy them.——My ſweet *Julia*, what a bouquet! Lady Myrtle will expire.——She was ſo envelop'd in flowers and ever-greens laſt night, that ſhe look'd like the picture of fair Roſamond in her bower.—My dear *Fitz*, do you know we dined yeſterday in Hill-ſtreet, and had the fortitude to ſtay till eleven!

Julia. I was tired to death with the fatiguing viſit.

Lady Bell. Now I, on the contrary, came away with freſh reliſh for ſociety. The perſevering civility of Sir Andrew and the mawkiſh inſipidity of his tall daughter act like olives: You can't endure them on your palate, but they heighten the guſto of your Tokay.

Fitz. Then I adviſe your Ladyſhip to ſerve up Sir Andrew and his daughter at your next entertainment.

Lady Bell. So I would, only one can't remove 'em with the deſſert. But how do you like me? ~~Did you ever ſee ſo delightful a head~~? Don't you think I ſhall make a thouſand conqueſts to-day?

Fitz. Doubtleſs, if you meet with ſo many fools.—But pray, which of thoſe you have already made, will be the moſt flattered by all theſe gay inſignia of your liberty?

Lady Bell. Probably, he whom it leaſt concerns.

Julia. Pray tell us which is that?

Lady Bell. Oh, Heavens! to anſwer that, requires more reflection than I have ever given the ſubject.

Julia. Should you build a temple to your lovers, I fancy we ſhould find Lord *Sparkle*'s name on the altar.

Lady Bell. Oh! Lord *Sparkle!*——Who can reſiſt the gay, the elegant, the all-conquering Lord *Sparkle?* the moſt diſtinguiſhed feather in the plume of faſhion—~~with-out that barbarous ſtrength of mind which gives it no pre-tence to virtues or to vices~~ Faſhionable, becauſe he's well dreſt:——Brilliant, becauſe he's of the firſt Clubs, and uſes his borrowed wit like his borrowed gold, as tho' it was his own.

Fitz. Why, now, this man, whom you underſtand ſo well, you receive as tho' his tinſel was pure gold.

Lady Bell. Aye, to be ſure!——Tinſel is juſt as well for ſhew.—~~The world is charitable, and accepts tinſel for gold in moſt caſes.~~

Fitz. But in the midſt of all this ſunſhine for Lord *Sparkle*, will you not throw a ray on the ſpirited, modeſt *Beauchamp?*

Lady Bell.

2.

Lady Bell. A ray of favour for *Beauchamp!*—Were I so inclined, to make it welcome, I must change my fan for a spear, my feathers for a helmet, and stand forth a Thalestris.—You know *his* mistress is War—*(sighing, and then recovering)*.—But why do I trifle thus?—The hour of triumph is at hand.

Fitz. Of what? hour

Lady Bell. The ~~moment~~ of triumph!—*Anglice*, the moment when, having shewn myself at half the houses in St. George's, I am set down at St. James's, my fellows standing on each hand, as I descend—the whisper flying through the croud, "Who is she? Who is that sweet creature?—"One of the four heiresses?"—"No; she's a foreign am-"bassadress."——I ascend the stairs—move slowly thro' the rooms—drop my fan—incommode my bouquet—stay to adjust it, that the *little* gentry may have time to fix their admiration—again move on—enter the Drawing-room—throw a flying glance round the Circle, and see nothing but spite in the eyes of the women, and a thousand nameless things in those of the men.

Julia. The very soul of giddiness!

Lady Bell. The very soul of happiness!—Can I be less?—Think of a widow just emerg'd from her weeds for a husband to whom her *father*, not her *heart*, united her—my jointure elegant—my figure charming—deny it if you dare!——Pleasure, Fortune, Youth, Health, all opening their stores before me; whilst Innocence and conscious Honour shall be my handmaids, and guide me in safety through the dangerous ordeal.

Fitz. To your Innocence and conscious Honour add, if you have time *(archly)*, a little Prudence, or your centinels may be surpris'd asleep, and you reduc'd to a disgraceful capitulation.

Lady Bell. Oh! I'm mistress of my whole situation, and cannot be surpris'd.——But, Heav'ns! I am losing a conquest every moment I stay!—The Loves and Pleasures have prepared their rosy garlands—my triumphal car is waiting—and my proud steeds neighing to be gone.——Away to victory!—— [*Exit with great spirit.* LH

Fitz. A charming woman, *Julia!*—She conceals a fine understanding under apparent giddiness; and a most sensible heart beneath an air of indifference.

Julia. Yes, I believe her Ladyship's heart is more sensible than she allows to herself. I rally her on Lord *Sparkle*, but it

it is Mr. *Beauchamp*, whose name is never mentioned but her cheeks tell such blushing truths, as she wou'd never forgive me for observing.

Fitz. Upon my word, you seem well acquainted with your friend's heart!——Will you be equally frank as to your own?

Julia. *(in great confusion)* Sir!——my heart!

Fitz. Yes; will you assist me in reading it?

Julia. To be sure, Sir.

Fitz. Then tell me, if amongst the ~~painted, powdered,~~ gilded moths whom your beauty or fortune have allured, is there *one* whom you would honour with your hand?——Aye, take time; I would not have you precipitate.

Julia. *(hesitatingly)* No, Sir—not one.

Fitz. I depend on your truth, and on that assurance inform you, that a friend of mine is arriv'd in town, whom I mean this morning to present to you.

Julia. As a——

Fitz. As a lover, who has my warmest wishes that he may become your husband.

Julia. Do I know the person for whom you are thus interested, Sir?

Fitz. You do not; but I have had long intimacy with him, and 'tis the dearest wish of my heart to see him and *Julia Manners* united.

Julia. I trust, Sir, you will allow——

Fitz. Be under no apprehensions.——Much as I'm interested in this union, your inclinations shall be attended to.—I am now going to your lover, and shall introduce him to you this morning.——Come, don't look so distress'd, child, at the approach of that period which will give you *dignity* and *character* in society.—The marriage-state is that in which your sex evinces its importance; and where, in the interesting circle of domestic duties, a woman has room to exercise every virtue that constitutes the Great and the Amiable. *LH* [*Exit* Fitzherbert.

Julia. The moment I so much dreaded is arrived! How shall I reveal to my Guardian, and to Lady *Bell*, that I *am* married? that I have already dared to take on me those important duties? I must not reveal it—my solemn promise to my husband—But where is he?—Oh! I must write to him this moment, that I may not be left defenceless to brave the storm of offended authority, and love. *RH* [*Exit* Julia.

SCENE

Clear Stages

3. Potentes.

1. Pan - Mensis without R.

SCENE II. BELVILLE's *Lodgings.*

RH Enter BELVILLE *new-dreſt.*

Belv. Let my trunks be ready, and the chaiſe at the door to-morrow morning by ſix, for I ſhall dine in Dover.

Enter Fitz. Ha! juſt in time, I ſee!—You are ready plumed for flight.

Belv. True; but my flight wou'd have been to you.—Impatient to know the cauſe of your ſummoning me from the Dryades and Hamadryades of Berkſhire, your letter reach'd me at the very inſtant I was ſetting out for Dover, in my way to Paris.

Fitz. Paris!

Belv. Yes.

Fitz. Poh! poh! ſtay where you are, ſtay where you are! The great turnpike between Dover and Calais is a road deſtructive to this kingdom; and I wiſh there were toll-gates erected on its confines, to reſtrain with a *heavy tax* the number of its travellers.

Belv. I fear the *tax* would be more generally felt than the *benefit*; for it would reſtrain not only the folly-mongers and the faſhion-mongers, but the rational enquirer and the travelling connoiſſeur.

Fitz. So much the better! ſo much the better!—Our travelling philoſophers have done more towards deſtroying the nerves of their country, than all the politics of France. Their chief aim ſeems to be, to eſtabliſh infidelity, and to captivate us with deluſive views of manners ſtill more immoral and licentious than our own.—Hey-dey! who's this?—Oh, the Corniſh lad, I ſuppoſe, whom Lord *Sparkle* placed here.

Belv. (*laughing*) Yes; an odd being!—He was deſigned by nature for a Clodpole; but the notice of a Peer overſet the little underſtanding he had, and ſo he commenced fine gentleman. He has a ſiſter with him, who ran wild upon the commons till her father's death; but ſhe fancies herſelf a wit, and ſatirizes Bruin.—Here he comes.

RH Enter PENDRAGON.

Pen. My dear fellow-lodger, I'm come to——Oh! your ſervant, Sir! (*to* Fitzherbert)—Is this gentleman a friend of yours?

Belv. He is.

Pen.

Pen. Your hand, Sir! (*passes* Belville, *and stands between them*)- If you are Mr. *Belville*'s friend, you are my friend, and we are all friends; I soon make acquaintance.

Fitz. A great happiness!

Pen. Yes, so it is, and very polite too I have been in the Great World almost six weeks, and I can see no difference between the Great World and the Little World, only that they've no ceremony; and so as that's the mark of good-breeding, I tries to hit it off.

Fitz. With success.

Pen. To convince you of that, I'll tell you a devilish good thing.—You must know——

Fitz. (*interrupting*) Excuse me now, but I am convinc'd you will amuse me, and desire your company at dinner—they'll give you my address below. Mr. *Belville*, I have business of importance.

LH [*Exit* Fitzherbert *and* Belville.

Pen. Gad, I'm glad he ask'd me to visit him!—He must be a Lord by his want of ceremony. (*imitating*) "Mr. *Belville*, I have business of importance"—and off they go.—Now in Cornwall we should have thought that damn'd rude—but 'tis easy.—"Mr. *Belville*, I have business of importance."—(*going*) Easy—easy—easy!

LH Enter SOPHY PENDRAGON.

Sophy. Brother *Bobby!*—Brother *Bobby!*

Pen. (*returning*) I desire, Miss *Pendragon*, you won't *brother* me at this rate—making one look as if one didn't know Life.—How often shall I tell you, that it is the most ungenteel thing in the world for relations to *Brother*, and *Father*, and *Cousin* one another, and all that sort of thing. I did not get the better of my shame for three days, when you bawl'd out to Mrs. Dobson at Launceston Concert—"Aunt, Aunt, here's room between Brother and I, if Cousin Dick will sit closer to Father!"

Sophy. Lack-a-day!—and where's the harm? What d'ye think one has relations given one for?—To be asham'd of 'em?

Pen. I don't know what they were given us for; but I know no young man of fashion *cares* for his relations.

Sophy. More shame for your young men of fashion; but I assure you, Brother *Bobby*, I shall never give in to any such unnatural, new-fangled ways. As for you, since Lord *Sparkle* took notice of you, you are quite another thing.

4.

thing. You uſed to creep into the parlour, when Father had company, hanging your head like a dead partridge; ſteal all round the room behind their backs to get at a chair; then ſit down on one corner of it, tying knots in your handkerchief; and if any-body drank your health, riſe up, and ſcrape your foot ſo—"Thank you kindly, Sir!"—

Pen. By Goles, if you—(*ſhaking his fiſt*)

Sophy. But now, when you enter a room, your hat is toſs'd careleſsly on a table; you paſs the company with a half bend of your body; fling yourſelf into one chair, and throw your legs on another:—"Pray, my dear Sir, do me the favour to ring."—"John, bring Lemonade."—"Mrs. Plume has been driving me all morning in Hyde-Park, againſt the wind, and the duſt has made my throat mere plaiſter of Paris."—

Pen. Hang me, if I don't like myſelf at ſecond-hand better than I thought I ſhould!—Why, if I do it as well as you, *Sophy*, I ſhall ſoon be quite the thing!—And now I'll give you a bit of advice:—As 'tis very certain Lord *Sparkle* means to introduce you to High Life, 'tis fitting you ſhould know how to behave; and as I have been amongſt 'em, I can tell you.

Sophy. Well!

Pen. Why, firſt of all, if you ſhould come into a drawing-room, and find twenty or thirty people in the circle, you are not to take the leaſt notice of any one.

Sophy. No!

Pen. No! The ſervant will, perhaps, get you a chair;—if not, ſlide into the neareſt. The converſation will not be interrupted by your entrance; for they'll take as little notice of you, as you of them.

Sophy. Pſha!

Pen. Then, be ſure to be equally indifferent to the coming-in of others.—I ſaw poor Lady Carmine one night dying with confuſion, for the vulgarity and ill-breeding of her friend, who actually roſe from her chair, at the entrance of the Dutcheſs of Dulcet and Lady Betty Blowze.

Sophy. Be quiet, *Bobby!*

Pen. True, as I am a young man of faſhion!—Then you muſt never let your diſcourſe go beyond one word.—If any body ſhould happen to take the trouble to entertain the company, you may throw in—"Charming!—Odious!—Capital!"

—Capital!"—Never mount to a phraſe, unleſs to that dear delightful one, of "all that ſort of thing."—The uſe made of that is wonderful!—"*All that ſort of thing*," is an apology for want of wit; it is a ſubſtitute for argument; it will ſerve for the point of a ſtory, or the fate of a battle.

Sophy. Well then,—upon going away?

Pen. Oh, you go away as you came in!—If one has a mind to give the lady of the houſe a nod, (*nodding*) one may; but 'tis ſtill higher breeding to leave *her* with as little ceremony as *I* do you. [*Exit* Pendragon *without looking at her.* LH

Sophy. I wiſh I could be ſure it was the faſhion not to mind forms, I'd go directly and viſit Lord *Sparkle*. I could tear my eyes out to think I was abroad to-day when he call'd on Mrs. *Johnſon!*—In all the books I have read, I never met with a lover ſo careleſs as he is.—Sometimes I have a mind to treat him with diſdain, and then I recollect all I have read about Ladies behaviour that break their Lovers hearts;—but he won't come near me.—Now I have been three days in a complying humour—but 'tis all one; ſtill he keeps away. I'll be hang'd, if I don't know what he's about ſoon!—He ſhan't think to bring me from the Land's End to make a fool of me: *Sophy Pendragon* has more ſpirit than he thinks for.

[*Exit* Sophy. RH

LH *Re-enter* FITZHERBERT *and* BELVILLE.

Bel. A Wife! Heaven's laſt beſt gift!—But—a—no—I ſhan't marry yet. I have a hundred little follies to act before I do ſo raſh a thing.

Fitz. But I ſay, you *ſhall* marry. I have ſtudied you from eighteen, and know your character, your faults, and your virtues; and ſuch as you are, I have pick'd you out from all the blockheads and fools about you, to take a fine girl off my hands with twenty thouſand pounds.

Belv. 'Tis a bribe, doubtleſs!—But what *is* the Lady; Coquet, Prude, or Vixen?

Fitz. You may make her what you will. Treat her with confidence, tenderneſs, and reſpect, and ſhe'll be an angel; be moroſe, ſuſpicious, and neglectful, and ſhe'll be—a woman.—The Wife's character and conduct is a comment on that of the Huſband.

Belv.

K.A.73.

Belv. *(gaily)* Any thing more?—

Fitz. Yes, ſhe is my ward, and the daughter of the friend of my youth.—I entertain parental affection for her, and give you the higheſt proof of my eſteem in transferring to *you* the care of her happineſs. Refuſe it, if you dare.

Belv. Dare! My dear friend, I *muſt* refuſe the honour you offer me.

Fitz. How!

Belv. To be ſerious, it is not in my power to wed the Lady.

Fitz. I underſtand you.—I am diſappointed!—I ſhould have mentioned this ſubject to you, before I had ſuffered it to make ſo ſtrong a feature in my picture of future happineſs.

Bel. Would you had, that I might have informed you at once—that I am—married.

Fitz. Married!—Where, when, how, with whom?

Belv. *Where?*—In France.——*When?*—About eight months ſince.——*How?*—By an Engliſh clergyman.——*With whom?*—Ah, with ſuch a one!——Her beauty is of the Greek kind, which pleaſes the mind more than the eye.—Yet to the eye nothing can be more lovely.—To this charming creature add the name of *Julia Manners*, and you know my wife.

Fitz. *Julia Manners! Julia Manners* did you ſay?

Belv. Yes, *Julia Manners!* I firſt knew her at the houſe of a friend in Paris, whoſe daughters were in the ſame convent with herſelf. I often viſited her at the grate; at length, by the aſſiſtance of Mademoiſelle St. Val, prevailed on her to give me her hand, but was immediately torn from her by a ſummons from my uncle at Florence; whence I was diſpatched to England on a miniſterial affair.

Fitz. So, ſo, ſo, very fine! *(aſide)*——I ſuppoſe you had the prudence to make yourſelf acquainted with the Lady's family, before you married her?

Belv. Yes: her family and fortune are elegant. She has a guardian, whoſe addreſs the ſweet Obſtinate refuſed to give me, that ſhe might herſelf reveal the marriage;—which I had reaſons, however, to requeſt her not to do, till we both arrived in England.

Fitz. Then you have not ſeen your bride in England?

Belv. Oh no!—My *Julia* is yet in her convent. I have been preparing for her reception in Berkſhire, and have written to inform her, that I would meet her at Calais; but

I fear my letters have miſſed her, and ſhall therefore ſet out for Paris, to conduct to England the woman who muſt give the point to all my felicities.

Fitz. *(aſide)* And has *Julia* been capable of this?—— Ungrateful girl! is it thus ſhe rewards my cares?

Belv. Your ſilence and your reſentment, my dear friend, whilſt they flatter, diſtreſs me.

Fitz. I'm indeed offended at your marriage, but not with you:—on *you* I had no claims.

Belv. I do not apprehend you.

Fitz. Perhaps not; and at preſent I ſhall not explain myſelf. *(going)*.

Belv. If you *will* leave me, adieu! I am going to run over the Town. My mind, impatient for the moment which carries me to my ſweet bride, feels all the intermediate time a void, which any adventure may fill up. [*Exit. RH*

Fitz. Spite of my diſpleaſure, I can hardly conceal from him his happineſs!—Yet I *will*.—*Julia* muſt be puniſhed. To vice and folly I am content to appear ſevere; but *ſhe* ought not to have thought me ſo. I have not deſerved this want of confidence, and muſt correct it. If I don't miſtake, *Pendragon* is a fit inſtrument.—I'll take him home with me. —Yes, yes, my young Lady, you ſhall have a lover!— Oh theſe headſtrong girls! [*Exit. LH*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

30 Minutes.

ACT

1.

Table & Chairs

2.

ACT III. SCENE I.

LORD SPARKLE'S.

LH RH

LORD SPARKLE *and* BEAUCHAMP *discover'd at a Table, on which are Pens, Paper, &c.* SPARKLE *superbly dress.*

Spark. POOR *George!* and so thou wilt really be in a few days in the bosom of the Atlantic!

" Farewel to green fields and sweet groves,
" Where Chloe engag'd my fond heart."——

(rises and comes forward)

Hey for counterscarps, wounds, and victory!

Beauch. I accept your last words for my omen; and now, in the true spirit of Homer's Heroes, should take my *congé*, and depart, with its influence upon me.

Spark. First take an office which I know must charm you.—You admire Lady *Bell Bloomer?*

Beauch. Admire her!—Yes, by Heaven——*(with great warmth)*

Spark. (interrupting) No heroics, dear *George*—no heroics! They are totally out now—totally out both in love and war.

Beauch. How, my Lord!

Spark. Indifference!—that's the rule.—We love, hate, quarrel, and even fight without suffering our tranquility to be incommoded;—nothing disturbs.—The keenest discernment will discover nothing particular in the behaviour of *lovers* on the point of marriage, nor in the *married*, whilst the articles of separation are preparing.

Beauch. Disgustful apathy!——What becomes of the energies of the heart in this wretched system? Does it annihilate your feelings?

Spark. Oh, no!—I feel, for instance, that I must have Lady *Bell Bloomer*, and I feel curiosity to know her sentiments of me, of which, however, I have very little doubt: but all my art can't make her serious; she fences admirably, and keeps me at the length of her foil.—To you she will be less on her guard.

Beauch. Me! you surprise me, my Lord! How can I be of use in developing her Ladyship's sentiments?

Spark. Why, by sifting them. When you talk of me, see if she blushes. Mention some woman as one whom I admire,

admire, and obſerve if ſhe does not make ſome ſpiteful remark on her ſhape, complexion, or conduct; provoke her to abuſe me with violence, or to ſpeak of me with confuſion—in either caſe, I have her.

Beauch. Your inſtructions are ample, my Lord; but I do not feel myſelf equal to the embaſſy.

Spark. (with pique) Your pardon, Sir! You *refuſe* then to oblige me?

Beauch. I cannot *refuſe* you—my obligations to your Lordſhip make it impoſſible:—but, of all mankind, I perhaps am the laſt you ſhou'd have choſen for the purpoſe.

Spark. Nay, prithee don't be ridiculous! It is the laſt ſervice you can do me: and you are the only man whom I could entruſt with ſo delicate a buſineſs.

Beauch. I accept it as a proof of your Lordſhip's confidence, and will diſcharge the commiſſion faithfully.—— *(aſide)* It will at leaſt give me an occaſion to converſe with Lady *Bell*, and to converſe with her on *love*.——Oh! my heart! how wilt thou contain thy ardors in the trying moment? LH [*Exit* Beauchamp.

Spark. Ha! ha! ha! I am confirm'd in my ſuſpicions, that the fellow has had the vanity to indulge a paſſion for Lady *Bell* himſelf. Well, ſo much the better! the commiſſion I have given him will ſufficiently puniſh him for his preſumption.

LH *Enter a* SERVANT.

Serv. Mrs. *Kitty* is below, my Lord, Miſs *Manners*'s woman.

Spark. Ha! Send her up—ſend her up. *(Exit* LH Serv.) I had began to give up that affair; but I think I won't neither. It will be rather a brilliant thing to have Lady *Bell* for a wife, and her friend for a miſtreſs:—yes, it will be a point. I think I'll have the *eclat* of the thing.—*(Enter* LH Kitty)—Well, *Kitty*, what intelligence from the land of intrigue? What ſays the little froſt-piece *Julia?*

Kitty. Oh, nothing new, my Lord! She's as inſenſible as ever.—I makes orations all day long of your Lordſhip's merit, and goodneſs, and fondneſs, and——

Spark. (ſtaring) *Merit*, and *goodneſs*, and *fondneſs!* And don't you give a parentheſis to my ſobriety, and my neatneſs too! Ha! ha! ha! you fooliſh little devil, I thought you knew better!—Tell her of my faſhion, my extravagance; that I play deepeſt at ~~Weltje's~~, am the beſt-dreſt

3.

Mr Hunter Cooper

dreſt at the Opera, and have half ruined myſelf by granting annuities to pretty girls.——Goodneſs and fondneſs are baits to catch old prudes, not blooming miſſes.

Kitty. What, my Lord! is ſpreading out your faults the way to win a fair Lady?

Spark. Faults! Thine is chambermaid's morality, with a vengeance!—What have all my paſt leſſons been thrown away upon thee, Innocence!—Have I not told thee, that the governing paſſion of the female mind is the rage of being envied? The moſt generous of them wou'd like to break the hearts of half-a-dozen of their friends, by the preference given to themſelves. Go home again, good *Kitty*, and con your leſſon afreſh: if you can pick up any ſtories of extravagance and gallantry, affix my name to 'em and repeat them to your miſtreſs.

Kitty. Then ſhe'll tell 'em to Lady *Bell*, perhaps, for a warning——

Spark. (drawling) For a warning, quotha!—My devoirs to Lady *Bell* are of a different kind, and we underſtand each other. I addreſs *her* for a wife, becauſe ſhe's the faſhion; and I addreſs *Julia* for a miſtreſs, becauſe 'tis the faſhion to have miſtreſſes from higher orders than ſempſtreſſes and mantua-makers.

Kitty. And is that your only reaſon, my Lord, for bribing me ſo high?

Spark. Not abſolutely. I have a pique againſt her guardian, who, tho' he has the honour to be related to me, will not ſuffer me to draw on his banker for a ſingle guinea. His eſtates, indeed, he can't deprive me of; ſo as it can do no harm, I'll have the *eclat* of affronting him with ſpirit.

Kitty. Oh Gemini! I am glad to hear that! I'd do any thing to plague Mr. *Fitzherbert*, and can go on now with a ſafe conſcience!—He had like to have loſt me my place once, becauſe he thought I was flighty;—but I'll be up with him, now.

LH Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. *Belville.* [*Exit. LH*

LH Enter BELVILLE.

Spark. My dear *Belville! (apart)* Go, *Kitty*, into that room, I'll ſpeak to you preſently. [*Exit* Kitty. *RH*

Welcome

Welcome once more to the region of buſineſs and pleaſure!

Belv. I thank you! But pray, my Lord, don't diſmiſs the lady.

Spark. The lady! Ha! ha! ha! That lady, Sir, is a Lady's *gentlewoman*, a'n't pleaſe ye! I ſuppoſe you have heard that I am going to marry Lady *Bell Bloomer*; we are the two moſt faſhionable people in town, and in courſe muſt come together.

Belv. A clear deduction.

Spark. Now ſhe has a friend, whom I mean at the ſame time to take for a miſtreſs:—won't that be a ſtroke, eh!

Belv. Decidedly. Your life is made up of ſtrokes! Every thing with you, my Lord, is a hit.

Spark. True, true! I deteſt a regular mechanical mode of doing things.—Men of ſenſe have one way of getting through life; men of genius, another.

Belv. Doubtleſs; and the advantage lies with the men of genius, for to their *genius* are all their faults imputed; nay, their faults are conſidered as the graceful meanderings of a mind *too ethereal* to be confined to the rules of common-ſenſe and decorum;—a mighty eaſy way of building reputation! ha! ha! ha! You are dreſt with infinite malice to-day, my Lord.

Spark. Malice! Not at all.—The women now-a-days are neither caught by finery or perſon!—I am dreſt for court!—I was going to Weſtminſter; but I hear there is to be a preſentation of *Miſſes* to-day, and I would not for the world loſe the dear creatures bluſhes on their firſt appearance; for, faith, moſt of them will never bluſh again.—Will you go?

Belv. 'Tis too late to dreſs: beſides, I have devoted this day to adventure. I am rambling through the town, diſcovering what new ſtars have appeared in the Galaxy of Beauty during my abſence, and a dangerous progreſs it is! The rays of a pair of black eyes from a chariot in Pall-mall would have annihilated me, had not at the ſame inſtant two beautiful blue ones from a window given a fillip to my ſinking ſpirits. A fine turn'd ancle, whoſe poliſh ſhone through its neat ſilk ſtocking, encounter'd me in St. James's-ſtreet; but I was luckily relieved by a little roſy mouth, that betray'd, with a deceitful ſmile, teeth moſt murderouſly white. A Galatea darted by me on the right, whilſt a Helen ſwam along on the left:—in ſhort, from ſuch ſweet beſiegers nothing could have preſerved me but

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But what is to be done? when we want the republic, we must raise the Bastile! 'Adieu.'

Emile Le

but the ſweeter charms of a beloved, though abſent fair-one. *(ſighing)*

Spark. Now, I never trouble my head about abſentees! —I love beauty as well as any man; but it muſt be all in the preſent tenſe. Shall I ſet you down any where? I muſt go.

Belv. No; but I ſee your writing things are here. If you'll permit me, I'll pen a ſhort note to *Beauchamp* on buſineſs I had forgot this morning, and diſpatch it by a chairman.

Spark. To be ſure. I penned a note ten minutes ſince to my ſteward, to raiſe the poor devils rents. Upon my ſoul, I pity 'em! But how can it be otherwiſe, whilſt one is obliged to wear fifty acres in a ſuit, and the produce of a whole farm in a pair of buckles? Adieu! *[Exit ſinging.*

(Whilſt Sparkle *is ſpeaking,* Belville *ſeats himſelf, and begins to write.)*

Belv. (writing) Good morning!—My compliments to the Ladies bluſhes.

RH Enter KITTY; *paſſes* BELVILLE *in the front of the Stage.*

Kitty. So, ſo, his Lordſhip has forgot me! I muſt go after him.

Belv. (coming forward) Hah! that's the confidante!—So pretty-one, whoſe chattels are you?

Kitty. My miſtreſs's, Sir.

Belv. And who is your miſtreſs?

Kitty. A Lady, Sir.

Belv. And her name?

Kitty. That of her father, I take it.

Belv. Upon my word, your Lady has a very brilliant ſervant!—Is ſhe as clever as you are?

Kitty. Why, not quite, I think, or ſhe would not keep me to eclipſe her.

Belv. Bravo! I wiſh I knew her! Will you tell me her name?

Kitty. Can you ſpell?

Belv. Yes.

Kitty. Why then you'll find it in the four-and-twenty letters. *(going)*

Belv. (catching her) Nay, by Heaven, you have rais'd my curioſity!

Kitty. Poh! what ſignifies aſking me? You know well enough who ſhe is.—I heard you and Lord *Sparkle* talking about her. Let me go; for I am going to carry a meſſage to Mr. *Fitzherbert.*

Belv. Mr. *Fitzherbert!*

Kitty. Aye, her guardian.

Belv. Her guardian! What, *Fitzherbert* of Cambridgeſhire?

Kitty. Yes; and if you want to know more, he's the croſſeſt old wretch that ever breathed. You'll find him out by that deſcription; and ſo, your ſervant! [*Exit* Kitty. *LH*

Belv. Fitzherbert's ward! and this creature her ſervant! and Lord *Sparkle* plotting to get her for a miſtreſs!—I am aſtoniſh'd!—the *very* Lady he this morning offered for my bride!—Well,—I muſt find *Fitzherbert* immediately.—Lord *Sparkle* will perhaps think me guilty of a breach of honour—The *imputation* I muſt incur, that I may not be really guilty of a breach of humanity, and of gratitude.

[*Exit* Belville. *LH*

SCENE II. *Lady* BELL BLOOMER'S. 2 G.

LH Enter FITZHERBERT, *followed by a Servant.*

Fitz. Tell Miſs *Manners* I am here. (*Exit* Servant.)—*RH* I cannot perhaps be ſeriouſly angry with *Julia*; but I muſt take ſome revenge on her diſobedience, before I acquaint her with the felicity that attends her. Come in, Young Corniſh, pray!

LH Enter PENDRAGON.

Pen. What, does the Lady live in this fine houſe?

Fitz. Yes:—but pray obſerve, that I don't engage ſhe ſhall be *ſmitten* with you. I can go no farther than to introduce you; the reſt muſt depend on the brilliancy of your manners.

Pen. Oh leave me alone for that!—I knew how 'twould be, if I once ſhew'd myſelf in London. If ſhe has a long purſe, I'll whiſk her down to Cornwall, jockey Lord *Sparkle*, and have the Borough myſelf.

Fitz. A man of ſpirit, I ſee!

Pen. Oh, as to my ſpirit, that nobody ever doubted!—I have beat our Exciſeman, and gone to law with the Parſon; and to ſhew you that I did not leave my ſpirit in the country,

Clear Steps -

~~Print Chart & C.~~

~~M. Letters~~ Chairs - Mr Addison

country, since I came to London I have fined a hackney-coachman for abuse.

Fitz. Very commendable!—But here comes the Lady!

RH Enter JULIA.

Mr. *Pendragon*, this is my ward, who, I am sure, will give your addresses all the encouragement I wish them.

Pen. Servant, Ma'am! *(aside)* She looks plaguy glum.

Julia. I can scarcely support myself! *(aside)*

Fitz. Pray, my dear, speak to Mr. *Pendragon!* You seem greatly confused!

Pen. Oh, Sir, I understand it! Young Ladies will look confus'd and embarrass'd, and all that sort of thing, on these occasions; but we men of the world are up to all that.

Julia. Heavens! is it to such a Being I should have been sacrificed! *(aside)*

Pen. I see your ward is one of the modest diffident ones: I am surprised at that—bred in high-life.

Fitz. Oh, now and then, you find a person of that cast in the best company!—but they soon get over it.

Pen. Yes, formerly I used to blush, and be modest, and all that sort of thing; but if any one ever catches me modest again, I'll give 'em my estate for a pilchard.

Julia. Then it seems impossible——pardon me, Sir! *(to* Fitzherbert) that a union can take place between you and me; for I place modesty amongst the *elegancies* of manners, and think it absolutely necessary to the character of a gentleman.

Fitz. Well done, *Julia! (aside)*—Fye upon you to treat my friend with such asperity!

Pen. O leave her to me, Sir; she's ignorant, but I shall *teach* her. There are three things, Miss, only necessary to the character of a Gentleman; a good air, good assurance, and good teeth. *(grinning)*

Julia. (to Fitzherbert) Doesn't his list want *good manners*, Sir?

Pen. Oh, no, Ma'am! If you had said good *taste*, it wou'd have been nearer the thing; but even that is unnecessary.—A Gentleman's friends can furnish his house, and chuse his books, and his pictures, and he can learn to criticise them by heart.—Nothing is so easy as to criticise;—people do it continually.

Fitz. You ſee, Mr. *Pendragon* has *information, Julia.*—I'll leave you a few moments, that he may unfold himſelf to advantage; and remember, if you refuſe the man I deſign for your huſband, you loſe *me.*—Keep it up with ſpirit! I'll wait for you below, (*to* Pendragon).—Now ſhall impertinence and diſobedience correct each other!

[*Exit* Fitzherbert. LH

Pen. Now to ſtrike her with my ſuperior *eaſe!* (*aſide*)—So, Miſs, your Guardian, I think, has a mind that we ſhall—in the vulgar ſpeech—marry! (Sits.

Julia. Well, Sir; but are you not frighten'd at your approach to ſuch a ſtate!—Do you know what belongs to the character of a Huſband?

Pen. What belongs to it? Aye! Do you know what belongs to being a Wife?

Julia. Yes; I gueſs that to *your* wife will belong ill-humour with you at home—ſhame with you abroad;—in her face forc'd ſmiles—in her heart hidden thorns.

Pen. The Devil! What, you have found your tongue, Ma'am! Oh, oh, I ſhall have a fine time on't, I gueſs, when our *connection* begins!

Julia. Our connection!—Pray, Sir, drop the idea!—I proteſt to you, that were it poſſible for me to become your wife, I ſhould be the moſt wretched of women.

Pen. Oh no, you woudn't! I hardly know a wife who is *not* wretched.

Julia. Unfeeling man! Would *you* preſume to enter into a ſtate, to the happineſs of which, union of ſoul, delicacy of ſentiment, and all the elegant attention of poliſh'd manners are neceſſary and indiſpenſible?

Pen. What's all that! Union of ſoul! ſentiment! attentions!—That's not Life, I'm ſure.

Julia. I am not able to conceive by what witchcraft Mr. *Fitzherbert* has been blinded to the weakneſs of your head, and the turpitude of your heart.—Tell him, Sir, there is not a fate I would not prefer to that of being united to a man whoſe vice is the effect of folly, and whoſe folly is as hateful even as his vice.

[*Exit* Julia. RH

Pen. Yes, yes, I'll tell, depend on't!—Egad, ſhe's a ſpirit!—So much the better, more pleaſure in taming her!—A meek wife cheats a man of his rights, and deprives him of the pleaſure of *exacting* her obedience.—Let me ſee!—Vice—folly—impudence—ignorance—Ignorance too!

[*Exit* Pendragon. LH

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Kitty pasted by L. Rainé

Clear Stage

RH Re-enter JULIA.

Julia. What have I done? I dare not now ſee my guardian! His diſpleaſure will kill me. Oh *Belville*, where art thou! Come and ſhield thy unhappy bride!—What ſteps can I take!

RH Enter KITTY.

Kitty. Dear Ma'am, I'm ſo griev'd to ſee you ſo unhappy! If I had ſuch a croſs old guardian, I'd run away from him.

Julia. The very thought which that inſtant preſented itſelf to my mind!—Have you not told me, that ſome relation of your's has lodgings?

Kitty. Yes, Ma'am; the moſt eleganteſt in London.

Julia. I don't want elegant apartments; but I wiſh for a ſhort time to be conceal'd in ſome family of reputation.

Kitty. To be ſure, Ma'am, 'tis the moſt prudent thing you can do.

Julia. And yet my heart fails me.

Kitty. Oh, Ma'am, don't heſitate! I'll go and pack up a few things, and call a coach and be off, before Lady *Bell* comes from Court.

Julia. I fear 'tis a wrong ſtep; and yet what other can I take? I dare not reveal my marriage, without the permiſſion of my huſband; and till his arrival, I muſt avoid both a guardian's anger and the addreſſes of a lover.—The honour of *Belville* would be inſulted, ſhould I permit them to be repeated. *(aſide)* [*Exit* Julia. *RH*

Kitty. I know not what ſhe means, but there is ſome myſtery, I find. So there ſhould be!—If ladies had not myſteries, a chamber-maid's place would be hardly worth keeping.—I have myſteries too, and ſhe ſhall have their explanation from Lord *Sparkle*. [*Exit.* *RH*

SCENE III. CLARINDA's *Houſe.*

RH Enter Lady BELL *meeting* CLARINDA. *LH*

L. Bell. Ha! ha! ha! my dear creature, what an *embarras!* Driving ſwiftly through the ſtreets, Lady Whipcord daſh'd upon us in her flaming phæton and ſix, gave a monſtrous big Newmarket word to my poor fellows, and with

with infinite dexterity entangled the traces. It happen'd near your door; so I have taken shelter with you, and left her Ladyship to settle the dispute with my coachman, ha! ha! ha! But why were you not at Court to-day?

Clar. I had a teazing head-ach; but pray, tell me what happen'd there.—*(aside)* Deuce take her, she looks as well as ever!

L. Bell. Oh, the Ladies, as usual, brilliant—nothing so flat as the men! The horrid *English* custom ruins them for conversation. They make themselves members of Clubs, in the way of business; and Members of Parliament, in the way of amusement: all their passions are reserved for the first, and all their wit for the last.

Clar. 'Tis better in Paris.

L. Bell. Oh, 'tis quite another thing! Whilst we awkwardly copy the follies of the Parisians, we absurdly omit the charming part of their character. Devoted to elegance, they catch their opinions, their wit, and their bon mots from the mouths of the ladies.—'Tis in the drawing-room of Madame the Dutchess, the Marquis learns his politicks; whilst the sprightly Countess dispenses taste and philosophy to a circle of Bishops, Generals, and Abbés.

Clar. All that may be just; yet I am mistaken, if you have not found *one* Englishman to reconcile you to the manners of the rest. Lord *Sparkle*, for instance—your Ladyship thinks, I'm sure, that *he* has wit at will.

L. Bell. Oh yes, quite at will!—His wit, like his essence-bottle, is a collection of all that is poignant in a thousand flowers; and, like that, is most useful, when he himself is most insipidly vacant.

Clar. With such sentiments, I wonder you can suffer his addresses.

L. Bell. What *can* I do? The man is so much the fashion, and I shall be so much envied.——Why you know, my dear, for instance—you'd be inclin'd to stick a poisoned nosegay in my bosom, if I should take him.

Clar. Ha! ha! ha! ridiculous! Believe me, Madam, I shall neither prepare a bouquet, nor invoke a fiery shower to grace your nuptials.

L. Bell. *(aside)* No, your showers would be tears, I fancy.——Here he comes!

Clar. Hah! Lord *Sparkle!* Your Ladyship's accident was fortunate. *(sneering)*

Enter

R. A. B.

RH Enter LORD SPARKLE.

Spark. Heavens! Lady *Bell!* your horſes fly like the doves of Venus. I follow'd you from St. James's;——but my poor earth-born cattle wouldn't keep pace with yours.

Clar. Oh, don't complain! If her Ladyſhip won the race, you ſee ſhe ſtopp'd for you at the goal.

Spark. Charming Miſs *Belmour*, what an enliv'ning intimation! Where was your Ladyſhip on Thurſday? You would have found excellent food for your ſatire at Mrs. *Olio*'s: We had all the Law Ladies from Lincoln's-inn, a dozen gold velvets from Biſhopſgate, with the wives and daughters of half the M. D's. and LL. D's. in town.

L. Bell. Oh, my entertainment was quite as good as yours! We were in Brook-ſtreet, at Lady *Laurel*'s, and found her ſurrounded by her Literati of all denominations. ——We had Maſters of Art and Miſſes of Science:—— ~~on one hand, an Eſſayiſt; on the other, a Moraliſt:~~ —— there, a Poetaſter; here, a Tranſlator:——in that corner, a Philoſopher; in the other, a compiler of Magazines. ——Tropes, Epigrams, and Syllogiſms flew like ſky-rockets in every direction; 'till the ambition of pre-eminence lighted the flame of controverſy, when they gave each other the *lye literary* with infinite ſpirit and decorum.

Spark. Excellent! I'll repeat every word in a place where it will be remember'd, and the ſatire enjoy'd.

Clar. In that hope your Lordſhip may ſafely knock at every door in the ſtreet:—ſatire is welcome every where.

L. Bell. Yes, if it will bear a laugh—that's the grand art of converſation. They pretend we are fond of ſlander; but rob ſcandal of its laugh, and 'twould ſoon be baniſh'd to the ſecond table, for the amuſement of butlers and chamber-maids.

Spark. Indeed! Then I believe half our acquaintance wou'd go down ſtairs to the ſecond table too!——they'd think their ſervants had the beſt of the diſh. *(Enter a* Ser- *RH* vant, *gives Lord* Sparkle *a letter, and exit.) RH*

Spark. (reads it aſide) Julia! aſtoniſhing!—So ſudden in your movements, Mrs. *Kitty?—(turning to the Ladies)* This vulgar thing call'd buſineſs is the greateſt evil in life! It deſtroys our moſt brilliant hours, and is fit only for younger brothers and humble couſins.——Miſs *Belmour*, I muſt tear myſelf away. Shall I attend your Ladyſhip to your carriage?

L. Bell.

L. Bell. If you pleaſe!—Miſs Belmour, "*I muſt tear myſelf away*;"—but you'll ſhine upon us at night.

[*Exeunt* L. Sparkle *and* Lady Bell. *RH*

Clar. Shine upon you at night!—That I know you are inſolent enough to believe impoſſible.——What can I think of her ſentiments for Lord *Sparkle!* Sometimes I believe 'tis a mere attachment of vanity on both ſides.—That reſerv'd creature *Beauchamp* is in his confidence; but he leaves town this very day, and I ſhall have no opportunity of converſing with him. *(muſes)* There is but one chance—going to viſit him.——But how can I poſſibly do that? Deuce take him! If he had a library, one might go to look at his books. Well, I don't care, go I will; and if I can't invent an excuſe, I'll put a good face upon the matter, and go without one.—*(going)* I ſhould expire if my viſit ſhou'd be diſcover'd. Poh! I muſt riſque every thing!—To be bold, is ſometimes to be right.

[*Exit. LH*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

32 Minutes.

ACT

Chat. 6. 3d. 7

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment at LADY BELL'S.

Enter LADY BELL, *followed by her* ~~Maid~~ Servt

L. Bell. MISS *Manners* gone out in a hackney-coach, and no meſſage left!

Maid. No, Madam.

L. Bell. Very ſtrange!

Maid. Mr. *Beauchamp* has been waiting almoſt an hour for your Ladyſhip's return.

L. Bell. Mr. *Beauchamp!*—Here, go and put ſome otto of roſes in that handkerchief. *(Exit Servt.)* Now, ſhall I admit him, or not? This formal waiting looks very like formal buſineſs. Poh, I hate that!—I ſuppoſe he has at length vanquiſh'd his modeſty, and is come to tell me that—that—Well, I vow I won't hear him.—Yes, I will. I long to know the ſtile in which theſe reſerv'd men make love.—To what imprudence would my heart betray me? Yet I may ſurely indulge myſelf in hearing him *ſpeak* of love; in hearing, probably for the firſt time, its genuine language. *(Enter Servt. and preſents the handkerchief)* Tell Mr. *Beauchamp* I am here. *(Exit Servt.)* Now, how ſhall I receive him? It will be intolerable to be formal.—*(Takes her fan from her pocket and traverſes the ſtage, humming a tune.—Enter* Beauchamp.) Oh, Mr. *Beauchamp*, this is the luckieſt thing!—I have had ten diſputes to-day about the figures in my fan; and you ſhall decide 'em. Is that beautiful nymph a flying Daphne, or an Atalanta?

Beauch. (looking at her fan) From the terror of the eye, Madam, and the ſwiftneſs of her ſtep, it muſt be a Daphne. I think Atalanta's head would be more at variance with her feet; and whilſt ſhe *flies*, her eye would be invitingly turn'd on her purſuers.

L. Bell. I think you are right!—Yes—there does want the kind, inviting glance, to be ſure.

Beauch. What a misforture to a lover! I know one to whom your Ladyſhip appears the diſdainful Daphne.—How happy! could he behold in *your* eye the encouragement of Atalanta's!

L. Bell. *(aside)* Mercy! for so bashful a man that's pretty plain.

Beauch. This is probably the last visit I can make you before I leave England:—will your Ladyship permit me, *before* I leave it, to acquaint you that there is a man, whose happiness depends on your favour? *(agitated)*

L. Bell. So, now he's going to be perplexing again! *(aside)*—A man whose happiness depends on me, Mr. *Beauchamp!* *(looking on her fan)*

Beauch. Yes, Madam!—and—and—*(aside)* I cannot go on——Why did I accept a commission in which success would destroy me?

L. Bell. How evidently this is the first time he ever made love! *(aside)*—The man seems to have chosen a very diffident advocate in you, Sir.

Beauch. 'Tis *more* than diffidence, Madam, my task is painful.

L. Bell. Ay, I thought so! You have taken a brief in a cause you don't like; I could plead it better myself.

Beauch. I feel the reproach.

L. Bell. 'Tis difficult for you, perhaps, to speak in the *third* person?——Try it in the *first*. Suppose now, ha! ha! only suppose, I say! for the jest's sake, that you yourself have a passion for me, and *then* try—how you can plead it.

Beauch. *(kneeling)* Thus—thus would I plead it, and swear, that thou art dear to my heart as fame, and honour!—To look at thee is rapture; to love thee, though without hope,—felicity!

L. Bell. Oh, I thought I should bring him to the point at last! *(aside)*

Beauch. *(rising, aside)* To what dishonesty have I been betray'd!—Thus, Madam, speaks my friend, through my lips;—'tis thus *he* pleads his passion.

L. Bell. Provoking! *(aside)*—*What* friend is this, Sir, who is weak enough to use the language of another to explain his heart?

Beauch. Lord *Sparkle.*

L. Bell. Lord *Sparkle!* Was it for him you knelt? *(he bows to her)*—Then, Sir, I must inform you, that the liberty you have taken——*(aside)* Heavens, how do I betray myself!—Tell me, Sir, on your honour, do you *wish* to succeed in pleading the passion of Lord *Sparkle?*

Beauch.

2.

Ready to Knock L.

Chairs. Swedish Chairs

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Beauch. (*hesitating*) My obligations to his Lordship—our relationship—the confidence he has repos'd in me—

L. Bell. Stop, Sir! I too will repose confidence in you, and confess that there is a man whom I sometimes suspect not to be indifferent to me;—but 'tis not Lord *Sparkle!* Tell him so;—and tell him that—that—tell him what you will.

Beauch. Heavens, what does she mean! What language is this her eye speaks? (*aside*) [*He bows.*]

L. Bell. Do *you* visit me this evening? Here will be many of my friends, and you shall then see me in the presence of the man my heart prefers.

(Beauchamp *bows, and goes to the door; then returns, advances towards Lady* Bell, *makes an effort to speak; finds it impossible, then bows, and exit.*) LH

Heavens! what necessity have lovers for words? What persuasion in that bashful irresolution! Now, shall I let him quit England, or not!—What! give up a coronet and Lord *Sparkle* for a cockade and *Beauchamp!* Preposterous! says Vanity.—But what says Love? I don't exactly know; but I'll examine their separate claims, and settle them with all the casuistry of four-and-twenty.

[*Exit.* RH

3.

SCENE II. Lord SPARKLE'S *House.*

LH *Enter* JULIA *and* KITTY.

Julia. I am so agitated with this rash step, that I can hardly breathe! (*throwing herself into a chair*) Why did you confirm me in my imprudent resolution?

Kitty. Imprudent! I'm sure, Ma'am, 'tis very prudent, and very right, that a young lady like you should not be snubb'd, and have her inclination thwarted by an ill-natur'd positive old guardian.

Julia. (*looking round*) What apartments! and the hall we came through had an air much beyond a lodging-house! 'Tis all too fine for my purpose; I want to be private.

Kitty. Oh dear Ma'am, you may be as private here as you please! (*a rapping at the door*) There's my cousin come home, I dare say; I'll send her to you, and then you may settle terms. [*Exit.* LH

Julia. I feel I have done wrong, and yet I am so distracted, I know not how I could have done otherwise.

LH (*Enter* Lord Sparkle) Heavens! Lord *Sparkle* here!

Spark. Yes, my lovely *Julia*, here I am; and upon my ſoul, if you knew the engagements I have broke for the happineſs, you would be gratified.

Julia. Gratified! I am aſtoniſh'd! equally aſtoniſh'd at your being here, and at your ſtrange addreſs.

Spark. Aſtoniſh'd at my being here! Why, to be ſure, it is not uſual to find a man of faſhion in his own houſe; but when I heard that you were in my houſe, how could I do leſs than fly home?

Julia. Home! Your own houſe! What can all this mean?—

Spark. Mean! Love—Gallantry—Joy, and ever-new delights.

Julia. Oh! I am betray'd! Where is my wicked ſervant?

Spark. Poh, never think of her!—Why all this flutter, my ſweet girl! You have only chang'd guardians; and you ſhall find, that being ward to a young man of faſhion and ſpirit, is a very different thing from——

Julia. Oh Heavens! what will become of me?

Spark. Nay, this is quite ridiculous, after having fled to my protection! I feel myſelf highly honour'd by your confidence, and will take care to deſerve it.

Julia. Why do I remain here an inſtant?

(going towards the door)

Spark. (holding her) This is downright rudeneſs! But you young Ladies are ſo fickle in your reſolutions—But be aſſured, after having choſen my houſe for your aſylum, I ſhall not be ſo impolite as to ſuffer you to ſeek another.

Julia. Oh wretched artifice! You know, Sir, that your houſe and *you* I would have fled from to the fartheſt corner of ~~the~~ *the* (*Enter* Beauchamp) Oh, Mr. *Beauchamp*, ſave me!—I have been baſely betray'd!—

Beauch. (aſtoniſh'd) Betray'd!—Miſs *Manners!* Yes, Madam, I will protect you at every hazard. *(Puts her over L.)*

Spark. Come, none of your antique virtues, *George*, pray! This is a piece of *badinage* of the Eighteenth Century, and you can't poſſibly underſtand it!—Miſs *Manners* choſe to pay me a viſit, and I deſire you'll leave us.

Julia. My Lord, how dare you thus trifle with a woman's honor?

Beauch. Be not alarm'd, Madam, I will defend you.

Spark. (taking him aſide) Poh, prithee, *George*, be diſcreet! This is all female artifice!—You popp'd upon us, and this is a ſalver for her reputation.

Beauch.

4.

Beauch. Pardon me, my Lord! In believing you, in oppoſition to the evidence of this young Lady's terrors, I may be guilty of an irremiable error.

Spark. Nay, if you are ſerious, Sir, how dare you break in upon my privacy?

Beauch. This is not a time to anſwer you, my Lord! The buſineſs that brought me here, I am indebted to; I ſhould not elſe have prevented your baſe deſigns.

Spark. Baſe deſigns, Mr. *Beauchamp!*

Beauch. Yes, Lord *Sparkle!*—Shall I attend you home, Madam?

Julia. Oh, Sir, I dare not go there! I fled from Lady *Bell*'s, when I was betray'd into this inhuman man's power.—Convey me to ſome place where I may have leiſure to reflect.

Spark. And do you think, Mr. *Beauchamp*, I ſhall put up with this!—Remember, Sir——

Beauch. *(interrupting)* Yes, my Lord, that, as a *Man*, it is my duty to protect endanger'd innocence; that, as a *Soldier*, it is part of the eſſence of my character; and, whilſt I am grateful to you for the commiſſion I have the honour to bear, I will not diſgrace it, in ſuffering myſelf to be intimidated by your frowns. [*Exit* Beauchamp, *leading* Julia.] LH

Spark. So!—ſo!—ſo!—an antient hero in the houſe of a modern man of faſhion!—Alexander in the tent of Darius!—Scipio and the fair Parthenia! The fellow has not an idea of any morals but thoſe in uſe during the Olympiads.

LH *Enter* SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. *Pendragon* and his ſiſter, my Lord,

Spark. Who! *(with an air of diſguſt)*

Serv. Mr. and Miſs *Pendragon.*

Spark. Then carry 'em to the Houſekeeper's room!—Give 'em jellies and plumb-cake, and tell 'em—*(Enter* Pendragon, *leading* Sophy) Oh, my dear Miſs *Pendragon*, you honour me!—But I am the moſt unlucky man on earth!—I am oblig'd, upon buſineſs of infinite conſequence, to be at Whitehall within five minutes. LH

Pen. But, firſt, my Lord, you muſt ſettle a little buſineſs *here* with Miſs *Pendragon.*

Sophy. I tell you, *Bobby*, I'll ſpeak myſelf;—and as few words are beſt, pray, my Lord, what do you mean by treating me in this manner? XC

Spark.

Spark. I ſhall be miſerable beyond bearing, if any treatment of mine has incurr'd your diſpleaſure.

Sophy. Well, now you talk of being miſerable, you have ſoften'd my heart at once! But pray, my Lord, is it faſhionable for people on the terms you and I are, to keep aſunder?

Spark. What the Devil can the girl mean? *(aſide)*

Sophy. Never even write!—no billets!—no bribing the maid to ſlip notes into my hand!——Why you don't even complain, tho' 'tis five days ſince you ſaw me.

Spark. Complain! I am ſure I have been exceedingly wretched.

Sophy. Then why did you not tell me ſo? Why, that's the very thing I wanted! If I had known you had been wretched, I ſhould have been happy.

Pen. Well, I ſee I ſhall loſe an opportunity here!—I came to challenge you, my Lord.

Spark. Challenge me!

Pen. Yes!—Miſs *Pendragon* told me ſhe was *diſſatisfied:*——then ſays I, *I'll* demand *ſatisfaction:*——and I didn't care if things had gone a little farther; for to call out a Lord would be a feather in my cap as long as I live.——However, you are agreed.

Sophy. Do be quiet, *Bobby!*—We are not agreed:—I have heard nothing of Settlements yet; nothing of Jewels.

Spark. My dear Ma'am, you are pleas'd to amuſe yourſelf.

Sophy. Why, my Lord, thoſe things muſt be all ſettled before-hand, you know.

Spark. Before what!

Sophy. What! Before our marriage, my Lord.

Spark. Marriage! Ha! ha! ha!

Sophy. Hey-dey! Will you pretend that you did not intend to marry me, when I can prove that you have courted me from twenty inſtances?

Spark. Indeed!

Pen. Ay, that ſhe can! inſtances as ſtriking as your Lordſhip's red heels.—Come, Miſs *Pendragon*, your proofs? I'll ſupport 'em.

Sophy. Why, in the firſt place, my Lord, you once placed a noſegay in my boſom, and ſaid, "*Oh! I wiſh I were theſe happy roſes!*"—the very ſpeech that Sir Harry Hargrave made to Miſs Woodville!—Another time you ſaid,

5.

ſaid, "*I was a moſt bewitching and adorable girl!*"—exactly what Colonel Finch ſaid to Lady Lucy Luſtre!—Another time you ſaid, "*How would a Coronet become thoſe ſhining treſſes!*"—the very ſpeech of Lord Roſehill to Miſs Danvers; and theſe couples were every one married.

Spark. Married! I never heard of 'em!—Who are they? Where the Devil do they live?

Pen. (*ſtrutting up to him*) Live?—Why in our county, to be ſure.

Sophy. No, no, *Bobby*, in *The Reclaim'd Rake*, and *The Conſtant Lovers*, and *Sir Charles Grandiſon*, and *Roderick Random*, and——

Pen. Yes, Sir; they live at Random, with Sir Charles Grandiſon.—Now d'ye know 'em?

Spark. Ha! ha! ha! you are a charming little Lawyer, (*to* Sophy) and might, perhaps, eſtabliſh your proofs for *precedents*, if Sir Charles Grandiſon was on the Bench: yet I never heard of his being made Chief-Juſtice, tho' I never thought him fit for any thing elſe.

Pen. What the Devil's this?——What, did not you bring all thoſe fine proofs from faſhionable life?—And are you ſuch a fool as not to underſtand what we call *common-place?*

Sophy. Common-place!

Pen. Yes, we perſons of elegant life uſe the figure Hyperbole.——

Sophy. Hyperbole! What's that?

Pen. Why, that's as much as to ſay, a ſtretch.

Sophy. A ſtretch! What, then, you have been mocking me, my Lord?

Spark. Not in the leaſt; I ſhall be the happieſt man exiſting to, to—(*aſide*) Egad, I muſt take care of my phraſes!——I mean that I ſhall be always, and upon all occaſions, your moſt devoted, *tres humble* *ſerviteur*.——Were there ever two ſuch Bumpkins! [*Exit.*

Sophy. What's he gone? Oh! Villain! Monſter! I am forſaken! Oh! I am rejected!——All Cornwall will know it! (*crying*)

Pen. Tin-Mines and all. But don't ye cry, Miſs *Pendragon*—don't ye cry! (*ſobbing*)

Sophy. Oh! I am rejected!

Pen. I am glad on't, with all my heart! I'll challenge him yet, and they won't know in Cornwall exactly how it was.—They'll hear that a Lord fought about ye, and all that

that ſort of thing; and whether *for* ye or *againſt* ye, 'twill be much the ſame.

Sophy. But will you challenge him, really, *Bobby?*

Pen. Upon honor!——I admire the *claw* of the thing! Egad, *Sophy*, I'm glad he's forſaken thee! Now my character will be finiſh'd. A man can't ſhew his face in company, till he has ſtood ſhot, and fired his piſtol in the air.

Sophy. In the air! If you don't fire it *thro'* him—

Pen. Oh, never fear! I'll do all that ſort of thing. Come along! I'll go home directly, and practiſe at the hen-coop in the yard. I'll fire through one end, and you ſhall hold your calaſh againſt the other; and if I don't hit it, ſay I'm no marksman.

[*Exit* Pendragon, *with* Sophy *under his arm.* LH

SCENE III. BEAUCHAMP'S *Lodgings.*

RH Enter Beauchamp *and* Julia.

Beauch. I intreat your pardon for conducting you to my own lodgings;—but here, Madam, you will be ſafe, 'till you determine how to act.—What are your commands for me?

Julia. Oh, Mr. *Beauchamp*, I have no commands—I have no deſigns!—I have been very imprudent; I am ſtill more unhappy.

Beauch. Shall I acquaint Mr. *Fitzherbert?*

Julia. It was to avoid him that I left Lady *Bell.*—I have reaſons that make it impoſſible to ſee Mr. *Fitzherbert* now.

Beauch. Is there no other friend?

Julia. O yes, I have *one* friend!—Were he here, all my difficulties would vaniſh!—It may ſeem ſtrange, Mr. *Beauchamp*, but I expect that you believe—Heavens! here's company! (*looking at the wing*) 'Tis Miſs *Belmour*—the laſt woman on earth whom I would truſt!—Where can I go?

Beauch. Miſs *Belmour!* Very odd!—But pray be not uneaſy?—That room, Madam, if you will condeſcend—(*ſhe ruſhes thro' the door.*) *Centre*

RH Enter CLARINDA *laughing.*

Clar. Ha! ha! ha! I expect your gravity to be amazingly diſcompos'd at ſo hardy a viſit; but I took it very ill that you did not deſign to call upon me before your departure;

Clear Stage 6.
Sofa Chair 2.6.

ture; and so as I was passing your door, I stopp'd in mere frolic to enquire the cause.

Beauch. You do me infinite honour, Madam! I am thankful that I fail'd in my attention, since it has procur'd me so distinguish'd a favour.

Clar. Oh, your most obedient!—You are going to leave England for a long while! You'll find us all in different situations, probably, on your return!—Your friend Lord *Sparkle*, for instance—I am inform'd that he is really to marry Lady *Bell Bloomer*; but I don't believe it—do you?

Beauch. 'Tis impossible, Madam, for me——

Clar. Poh! poh! *impossible!* Such friends as you are I suppose keep nothing from one another.—We women can't exist without a confidante; and I dare say, you men are full as communicative. Not that it is any thing to me; but as I have a prodigious regard for Lady *Bell*—

Belv. (*behind*) *Beauchamp! Beauchamp!*

Clar. Heaven and earth, how unlucky! Here's some man! I am the nicest creature breathing in my reputation: what will he think? I'll run into this room. (*runs toward the door.*)

Beauch. (*preventing her*) Pardon me, Madam, you cannot enter there!

Clar. (*pushing at the door*) I must—Oh—oh! the door is held, Sir.

Beauch. My dear Madam, I am infinitely sorry for the accident; but suppose——suppose, I say, Ma'am, that a friend of mine has been in a duel, and conceal'd in that room.

Clar. Ridiculous! I saw ~~the corner of a hoop and a white sattin~~ petticoat:—is that the dress of your duelling friends? I will go in.—(*struggling*) So! (*flinging away spitefully*) 'tis too late!

RH Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. So! so! so! I beg your pardon. How could you be so indiscreet, *Beauchamp?* Tho' a young soldier, I thought you knew enough of Generalship to be prepar'd for a surprize.

Clar. Oh, so he was; but not for *two* surprizes.—One has happened already, and a hasty retreat the consequence.

Beauch. Believe me, *Belville*—I am infinitely concerned (*to* Clarinda.)

Clar. Oh! I deteſt your impertinent concern! Keep it for the Lady in the other room.

Bel. A Lady in the other room too! Hey-dey! *Beauchamp*, who would have ſuſpected—

Beauch. 'Tis all a miſtake! The Lady in the next room —But prithee go.—

Bel. Only tell me if you have ſeen *Fitzherbert*. I have been ſeeking him this hour, on a buſineſs of the utmoſt conſequence.

Beauch. I have not; but about this time you'll find him at home.

Bel. Enough! Miſs *Belmour*, pray ſuffer no concern; depend on my honour.—*Beauchamp (taking him aſide)*, who is the Lady in the other room?

Beauch. Had I meant you to have known, that room would have been unneceſſary. (Belville *ſeems ſtill inquiſitive*; Beauchamp *draws him towards the ſcene.*)

Clar. Now do I die to know who it can be! Indeed, 'tis neceſſary for my own ſake.—Whilſt *ſhe* has been hid, I have been expoſed; and who knows what the creature may ſay? I'll try once more. She has my ſecret, and I'll have her's. *(forces open the door.)*

Julia. (*ruſhes out*) Belville! (*running towards him.*)

Belv. (*ſtarting back*) *Julia!*

Clar. Miſs *Manners!*—Ha! ha! ha!

Julia. Oh, *Belville*, throw me not from you!

Belv. Aſtoniſhing!

Clar. Oh charming! The modeſt *Julia*, and the reſerv'd *Beauchamp!* Ha! ha! ha!—But Mr. *Belville*, how came *you* of this ſober party? ha! ha! ha!

Julia. Speak to me!

Clar. Now, Mr. *Beauchamp*, you know the purport of my viſit.——I had heard that Miſs *Manners* has been ſeen to viſit you, and, not being willing to truſt to ſuch a report, was reſolved, if poſſible, to diſcover the truth.

Bel. (*to* Julia) Wretched woman!

Julia. (*to* Clarinda) Barbarous creature! Oh hear me, I conjure you!

Bel. Hear you!—No, Madam;—and if my contempt, my hatred, my——oh!——*You*, Sir, I muſt ſpeak to in another place;—yet perhaps you were not acquainted that ——What would I ſay!——The word which I have pronounced

7.

R. A. B.

nounced with rapture, choaks me. From this moment farewel! (*to* Julia) [*Exit* Belville.

Beauch. What can I think of all this?

Julia. Oh Sir!

Beauch. Permit me, Madam, to ask if you have long known Mr. *Belville?*

Julia. Yes, too long.

Clar. Oh, oh, *too* long!—Aye, young ladies should be cautious how they form acquaintance. For my part—But you look ill, child!—(*taking her by the hand*) Well, I have no hard heart; I can pity your weakness, Miss;—I won't upbraid you now.—My coach waits;—shall I conduct you home?

Julia. Yes, to Lady *Bell*——to Lady *Bell*——I am very ill!

Clar. Adieu, Mr. *Beauchamp!* This has been an unlucky frolic!—'Tis amazing, you grave people can be so careless. [*Exit* Julia *and* Clarinda.

Beauch. An unlucky frolick, indeed! And I am so thoroughly confounded, that I know not what judgment to form of the adventure.—I always considered Miss *Manners* as a pattern of delicacy and virtue; nor dare I now, spite of circumstances, think otherwise.

Enter LORD SPARKLE.

Spark. So, so, Signor Quixote! What so soon lost your prize! Aye, you see quarrelling for these virtuous women, is as unprofitable as the assault of the wind mills. —Have you seen Lady *Bell* in my behalf?

Beauch. Lady *Bell*, my Lord! Why, sure, 'tis impossible after your attempt on Miss *Manners*—

Spark. Psha! that is a stroke in my favour. Women like to receive the devoirs of those, whom others of their sex have found so dangerous. What did you discover of Lady *Bell*'s sentiment towards me?

Beauch. I meant to have given the intelligence softened, but the agitations of my mind make it impracticable; I must, therefore, inform you in one word, Lady *Bell Bloomer*'s choice is made, and that choice has not fallen upon your Lordship.

Spark. Then I must inform you in two words, that I

am convinced you are mistaken. But your reasons, Sir, your reasons?

Beauch. Her Ladyship furnished me with a decisive one: she acknowledged a pre-engagement; and added, if I visited her this evening, I should see her in the presence of the man her heart prefers.

Spark. (*laughing violently*) Excellent! charming ingenuity! Ha! ha! ha! the kindest, softest message that ever woman fram'd; and you, like the sheep loaden with the golden fleece, bore it, insensible of its value.—Ha! ha! ha! you can't see through the pretty artifice?

Beauch. No, really.

Spark. Why, 'tis *I* who am to be there; there by particular invitation. You'll see her in *my* presence; and this was her pretty mysterious way of informing me that *I* am the object of her choice.

Beauch. Indeed!

Spark. Without a doubt! But you deep people are the dullest fellows at a hint; a man of half your parts would have seen it.—But *I* am satisfied, and shall go to her route in brilliant spirits.—You shall come, and see my triumph confirmed.—Come, you rogue! and see the lovely Widow in the presence of the man her heart prefers.——Poor *George!* You must have been cursedly stupid, not to have conceiv'd that I was the person.

[*Exit. RH*

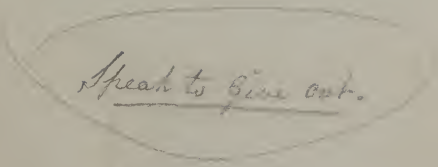
Beauch. Yes, I will come.—Oh vanity! I had dared to explain—Yes, I construed the sweet confusion—Oh, I blush at my own arrogance! Lord *Sparkle* must be right.—Well, this night decides it.—Narrowly will I watch each tone and look, to discover——Oh!—ever blest!—*he* whom her heart prefers!

[*Exit. LH*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

29 Minutes

ACT


Speak to Give out.

2 Chairs. forward M-

St. Louis.

2.

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Apartment at LADY BELL'S. ~~*A Table, with Candles.*~~

RH Enter LADY BELL *and* Servant.

L. Bell. ARE the tables placed in the outer room?

Serv. Yes, Ma'am, all but the ~~Pharaoh.~~ *Ecarte* table. *also*

L. Bell. Then carry that there ~~too.~~——I positively will not have a table in the drawing-room.——[*Exit* Servant. *RH* Thoſe who play don't viſit *me*, but the card-tables; and where they find them is very immaterial.—~~Let me see!~~ For whiſt, Sir *James Jennet*—Lady *Ponto*—Mrs. *Lurchem*, and Lady *Carmine*.——For Pharaoh, Mrs. *Evergreen*, Lord *Dangle*, Sir *Harry*—Hey-dey!

LH Enter CLARINDA *and* JULIA.

Clar. Come, child, don't faint!—You had more cauſe for terror half an hour ago.

L. Bell. Heavens, *Julia!* where have you been? *XG* *2*

Clar. Ay, that's a circumſtance you would not have known, but for an accident; and I am very ſorry it fell to my lot to make the diſcovery.

L. Bell. (*taking* Julia's *hand*) Speak, my love!

Julia. Miſs *Belmour* will tell you all ſhe knows.—I am too wretched!

Clar. Nay, as to what I know,—I *know* very little.—I can tell what I ſaw, indeed.—Having received intimations not quite conſonant to one's notions of decorum, I pretended a frolic, and called on Mr. *Beauchamp*, and there I found this Lady *concealed*.

L. Bell. Heavens, *Julia!* 'Tis impoſſible.

Clar. Nay, ſhe can't attempt to deny what I myſelf ſaw.—Other diſcoveries had liked to have been made too; but Miſs *Manners* may explain them herſelf; for I ſee your rooms begin to fill.—I ſhall report that your Ladyſhip is a little indiſpoſed, as an excuſe for your not immediately appearing. [*Exit* Clarinda. *RH*

L. Bell. (*with a countenance of terror*) *Julia! You* at Mr. *Beauchamp*'s!

Julia.

Julia. Lady *Bell*, tho' I have acted raſhly, and was indeed found there, I am not the guilty creature you imagine. —I am married!—I will no longer conceal it! (*burſting into tears*)

L. Bell. Married! Oh Heavens! (*throws herſelf in a chair, with her back to* Julia)

Julia. I dared not reveal it to my guardian, and for that reaſon fled from your houſe.

L. Bell. O *Julia*, and you are married! What a ſerpent have I nouriſhed!—But forgive me!—You knew not ——alas! I knew not myſelf, till this moment, how much——

Julia. My deareſt Madam, do not add to my afflictions! —for indeed they are ſevere.

L. Bell. Ungenerous Girl! why did you conceal from me your ſituation?

Julia. Good Heavens! is it deſtin'd that one imprudent ſtep is to loſe me every bleſſing! In the agonies of my heart I flew to your friendſhip, and you kill me with reproaches.

L. Bell. And you have killed *me* by your want of confidence! Oh, *Julia!* had you revealed to me—

Julia. I dared not; for when Mr. *Belville* prevailed on me to give him my hand——

L. Bell. (*eagerly*) Mr. *Belville!*——Mr. *Belville*, ſay you?

Julia. Yes; it was in Paris we were married.

L. Bell. (*aſide*) So, ſo, ſo; what a pretty miſtake I made!—But it *was* a miſtake! ..... And ſo my ſweet *Julia* is married! married in Paris! Sly thing! But how came you at Mr. *Beauchamp*'s, my Love?

Julia. In my raſh flight this morning, my wicked Maid betray'd me into Lord *Sparkle*'s houſe.—There Mr. *Beauchamp* ſnatch'd me from ruin, and gave me a momentary aſylum in his lodgings.

L. Bell. Did *Beauchamp!*—But what is his worth and his gallantry to me? Can't he do a right thing, but *my* heart muſt triumph? (*aſide*)

Julia. At Mr. *Beauchamp*'s my huſband found me;—and found me hid with ſo ſuſpicious a ſecrecy!——Hah! Here comes Mr. *Fitzherbert!* How can I ſee him?

Enter FITZHERBERT.

Fitz. My *Julia!*—My dear *Julia!*

Julia. Oh Sir!——

Fitz.

Fitz. Come, I know all; and to relieve *one* cauſe of your diſtreſs, will tell you that the lover I ſhock'd you with to-day, was only my agent in the little revenge I had reſolv'd to take for your having married, *without* my conſent, the very man for whom all my cares deſign'd you.

Julia. *(claſping his hands)*—Is it poſſible!

Fitz. At the moment he left Paris for Florence, you received my directions to return home: thus *Belville*'s letters miſs'd you, and he remain'd ignorant that you were in London.

Julia. Oh Sir! had you reveal'd this to me this morning, what evils ſhould I have eſcap'd?

Fitz. My dear girl, I decreed you a little puniſhment; but your own raſhneſs has occaſioned you a ſeverer portion than you deſerv'd.

L. Bell. But where is the Bridegroom? [I long to ſee the necromancer, whoſe fp lls can thaw the Veſtal's heart, and light up flames in the cold region of a monaſtery.]

Fitz. He is without, ſatisfied from the mouth of *Beauchamp* of your conduct, *(to* Julia) and impatient to fold his *Julia* to his heart.

Julia. Oh Sir, lead me to him!—To find my huſband, and to be forgiven by you, are felicities too great. [*Exit, LH led by* Fitzherbert.

L. Bell. What a diſcovery has *Julia*'s marriage made to me of my own heart! I have perſuaded myſelf ~~it knew no paſſion but the deſire of conqueſt~~; that it knew no motive to admiration but vanity; but the pangs of jealouſy prov'd to me, in one moment, that *all* its ſenſe is love! [*Exit* L. Bell. *RH*

Clear Stage.

An elegant Apartment lighted up, Card-parties ſeen.—Two Servants carrying Refreſhments.—A Lady enters from the Top of the Stage, and comes down in a hurry.

Lady. I proteſt I have been three quarters of an hour getting from the top of the ſtreet to the door!—I really believe, when people give routes, they think more of the buſtle they occaſion without doors, than the company they have within.

Clar. Oh yes! I am quite of that opinion.—The noiſe and racket in the ſtreets are frequently the pleaſanteſt part of the entertainment; and to plague one's ſober neighbours is delightful! Ha! ha! ha! My next-door friend, Mrs. *Saffron*, always wheels into the country on my pub-

lic

lic nights,—on pretence of her delicate nerves; but the truth is, her rooms will hold but six card-tables, and mine thirteen.

1st *Gent.* Well, I protest I wish the ladies would banish cards from their assemblies, and give us something in the style of the *Conversaziones.*

2d *Gent.* Oh no, Sir *Charles*, that won't do on this side the Alps;—we have no knack at conversation:—we think too much to be able to talk. Good talkers never think. Sir *Harry Clare*, full of bons mots, never thinks.—I myself am allowed to be tolerable, yet I never think.

Clar. Oh, that I believe all your friends will allow.—Hey-dey! here comes Lord *Sparkle*'s borough acquaintance —Mr. *Pendragon.*

Scene 2nd

LH Enter PENDRAGON, *meeting Clarinda and 2 Ladies RH*

Pen. Bobs, Miss *Belmour*, how d'ye do? I didn't think to see you.—Mr. *Fitzherbert* brought me here, and I have been examining every face, to see if I knew any body; but fine ladies are so alike, that one must have long intimacy to know ones acquaintance!—Red cheeks, white necks, and smiling lips, croud every room.

Lady. Hey-dey! a natural curiosity!—Pray, Sir, how long have you been in the world?

Pen. How long! Just twenty years, last Lammas.

Lady. Poh, I don't enquire into your age! How long is it since you left your native woods?—Was you ever at a route before?

Pen. Aye, that I was, last week!—It beat this all to nothing.—'Twas at our neighbour's the Wine-Merchant's —at his country-house at Kentish-Town.

2d *Lady.* Oh, lud! I wish I had been of your party! I should have enjoy'd a Kentish-Town route.

Pen. Oh, you *must* have been pleased; for the rooms were so little, and the company so large, that every thing was done with one consent. We were pack'd so close, that if one party moved, all the rest were obliged to obey the motion.

Lady. Delightful!—Well, Sir——

Pen. We had all the fat widows, notable misses, and managing wives of the parish; so there was no scandal, for they were *all* there.—At length the assembly broke up. —Such clattering, and *squeedging* down the gangway stair-

case,

Bell Room, Screen 4 Rack
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eaſe, whilſt the little foot boy bawl'd from the paſſage, "Miſs *Bobbin*'s bonnet is ready!"—"Mrs *Sugar-Plumb*'s "lanthorn waits!"—"Mrs. *Peppercorn*'s pattens ſtop the "way!" *(imitating)*

Clar. Oh, you creature, come with me! I muſt exhibit him in the next room. [*Exit* Clarinda *and* Pendragon.

Lady. Oh, ſtay!—Take my card.—I ſhall have company next Wedneſday, and I inſiſt on yours.—He is really amuſing!—(*Enter* Lord Sparkle *from the top.*) But hide your diminiſh'd heads, ye Beaus and Witlings! for here comes Lord *Sparkle*. (*Exit in Centre Door to Company*)

Spark. *(ſpeaking as he comes down)* I hope the Belles won't hide theirs; for in an age where the head is ſo large a part of the Lady, one ſhould look about for the ſex.

1ſt *Gent.* Well, my Lord, you ſee I have obey'd your ſummons! I ſhou'd not have been here, notwithſtanding Lady *Bell*'s invitation, had you not preſs'd it.

2d *Gent.* Nor I! I promiſ'd to meet a certain Lady in the Gallery at the Opera to-night,—and I regret that I did not; for I ſee her huſband is here.—Why did you preſs us ſo earneſtly to come?

Spark. Why, 'faith, to have as many witneſſes as I could to my glory!—This night is given by Lady *Bell* to ME.—I am the hero of the *fete*, and expect your gratulations. Here the dear creature comes!

with Ld *Sparkle*

LADY BELL *comes down from the top, addreſſing the Company.*

L. Bell. How do you do?—how do you do? *(on each ſide)* You wicked creature, why did you diſappoint me laſt night! Lady *Harriet*, I have not ſeen you this age! Oh, Lord *Sparkle!* I have been detain'd from my company by Mr. *Fitzherbert*, planning a ſcheme for *your* amuſement.

Spark. Indeed! I did not expect that attention from him; tho' I acknowledge my obligations to your Ladyſhip's politeneſs.

L. Bell. *(aſide)* That air of ſelf-poſſeſſion, I fancy, would be incommoded, if you *gueſs'd* at the entertainment.—Have you ſeen Mr. *Beauchamp?*

Spark. For a moment.—But, charming Lady *Bell*, *(taking her hand)* I ſhall make you expire with laughing. I really believe the poor fellow explained your meſſage in his *own* favour, ha, ha, ha!

L. Bell. Ridiculous! ha, ha, ha!

Enter BEAUCHAMP, *from Top*

Beauch. Ha! 'tis true!, There they are, retired from the croud, and enjoying the privacy of lovers.

L. Bell. See there he is! I long to have a little *badinage* on the ſubject.—Let us teaze him.

Spark. Oh, nothing can be more delightful!—"Hither, ſighing ſhepherd, come!"—Come, *Beauchamp*, take one laſt, one lingering look!—ſha'nt he, Lady *Bell?*

L. Bell. Doubtleſs,—if he has your Lordſhip's leave.

Spark. He ſeems aſtoniſh'd—ha, ha, ha!—Nay, it is cruel!—If the poor youth has the misfortune to be ſtricken, you know he can't reſiſt fate.—Ixion ſighed for Juno.

L. Bell. Yes, and he was puniſh'd too. What puniſhment, Mr. *Beauchamp*, ſhall we decree for you?

Beauch. I am aſtoniſh'd!—Was it for this your Ladyſhip commanded me to attend you?

L. Bell. How did I command you? Do you remember the words?

Beauch. I do, Madam.—You bid me come this evening, that I might behold you in the preſence of the man your heart prefers.

L. Bell. Well, Sir, and now—now you ſee me!—

Spark. Oh, the ſweet confuſion of the ſweet confeſſion! *(kiſſing her hand.)*

Beauch. *(aſide)* 'Sdeath! this oſtentation of felicity, Madam, is ungenerous, ſince you know my heart; 'tis unworthy *you!* But I *thank* you for it—I have a pang the leſs. *(going)*

L. Bell. Hold, Sir, are you going?

Beauch. This inſtant, Madam.—I came in obedience to your commands; but my chaiſe is at your door, and before your gay aſſembly breaks up, I ſhall be far from London, and in a day or two from England. I *probably* now ſee your Ladyſhip for the laſt time.—Adieu!

L. Bell. Stay, Mr. *Beauchamp!* *(agitated)*

Spark. Ay, prithee ſtay! I believe Lady *Bell* has a mind to make you her conjugal father at the wedding.

Beauch. I forgive you, my Lord.—Exceſs of happineſs frequently overflows into inſolence, and it is the privilege of felicity to be unfeeling.—But how, Madam, has the humble paſſion which has ſo long conſumed my life, rendered me ſo hateful to *you*, as to prompt you to this barbarity? I have not *inſulted* you with my love; I have ſcarcely

16.

ſcarcely dared whiſper it to myſelf: how then have I deſerved——

L. Bell. O mercy, don't be ſo grave! I am not inſenſible to your merit, nor have I beheld your paſſion with diſdain.—But what *can* I do? Lord *Sparkle* has ſo much faſhion, ſo much elegance—ſo much—

Spark. My deareſt Lady *Bell*, you juſtify my ideas of your diſcernment: and thus I thank you for the diſtinguiſhed honour *(kneeling to kiſs her hand.)*

RH Enter SOPHY *from the Wing.*

Sophy. Oh you falſe-hearted man! *(crying)*

Spark. (ſtarting up) Hey-dey!

Sophy. Don't believe a word he ſays, for all you are ſo fine a Lady. He'll tell you of happineſs and miſery, and this, and that, and the other, but 'tis all common-place and hyperbole—and all that ſort of thing.

L. Bell. Indeed! What has this young Lady claims on your Lordſhip?

Spark. Claims! Ha! ha! ha! Surely your Ladyſhip can anſwer that in a ſingle glance. Claims! Ha! ha! ha! Is it my fault that a little ruſtic does not know the language of the day? Compliments are the ready coin of converſation, and 'tis every one's buſineſs to underſtand their value.

RH Enter PENDRAGON.

Pen. (clapping him on the ſhoulder) True, my Lord, true;—and pray inſtruct me what was the value of the compliment, when you told me I ſhould make a figure in the Guards, and that you would ſpeak to your great friends to make me a colonel?

Spark. Value! Why, of juſt as much as it would bring! You thought it ſo valuable then, that you got me a hundred extra votes on the ſtrength of it; and you are now a little ungrateful wretch, to pretend 'twas worth nothing.

LH Enter FITZHERBERT, *leading* JULIA.

Fitz. But here, Lord *Sparkle*, is a Lady who claims a right on a different foundation. She had no Election intereſt to provoke your flatteries, yet you have not ſcrupled to profeſs love to her, whilſt under the roof of her friend, whoſe hand you was ſoliciting in marriage.

Julia. Yes, I intreat your Ladyſhip not to fancy that you are to break the hearts of half our ſex by binding Lord *Sparkle* in the adamantine chains of marriage.—I boaſt an equal right with you, and don't flatter yourſelf I ſhall reſign him.

Spark. Mere malice, Lady *Bell! Fitzherbert's* malice! ——I never had a ſerious thought of Miſs *Manners* in my life.

Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. What, my Lord! and have you dared talk of love to that Lady without a ſerious thought?

Spark. Hey dey! what right have you———

Bel. Oh, very trifling! only the right of a Huſband—The Lady ſo honour'd by your love-making *in jeſt* is my wife; in courſe, all obligations to her devolve on me.

Spark. Your wife! My dear *Belville*, I give you joy with all my ſoul! You ſee 'tis always dangerous to keep ſecrets from your friends. But is any body elſe coming? Have I any new crimes to be accus'd of? Any more witneſſes coming to the bar?

Bel. No; but I am a witneſs in a new cauſe, and accuſe you of loading the mind of my friend *Beauchamp* with a ſenſe of obligation you had neither ſpirit or juſtice to confer.

Lady Bell. A Commiſſion, my Lord, which was ſent Mr. *Beauchamp* under a blank cover, by one who could not bear to ſee his noble ſpirit dependent on your caprices.

Belv. And when his ſentiments pointed out your Lordſhip as his benefactor, you accepted the honour, and have laid heavy taxes on his gratitude.

Spark. Well, and what is there in all that? *Beauchamp* did not know to whom he was obliged; and wou'dn't it have been a moſt unchriſtian thing to let a good action run about the world belonging to nobody?—I found it a ſtray orphan, and ſo father'd it.——But you, *Fitzherbert*, I ſee are the lawful owner of the brat; ſo prithee take it back, and thank me for the honour of my patronage.

Fitz. Your affected pleaſantry, Lord *Sparkle*, may ſhield you from reſentment, but it will not from contempt. Your effrontery——

Spark. Effrontery! Prithee make diſtinctions!—What in certain lines would be effrontery, in me is only the eaſe of Faſhion; that delightful thing, which enables me at this moment to ſtand ſerene amidſt your meditated ſtorm.——

Come,

Come, my dear Lady *Bell*, let us leave these good gentry, and love ourselves amidst the delights of fashion, and the charms of *bon ton*.

Lady Bell. Pardon me, my Lord! As caprice is absolutely necessary to the character of a fine lady, you will not be surpris'd if I give an instance of it now; and, spite of your elegance, your fashion, and your wit, present my hand to this poor soldier—who boasts only worth, spirit, honour, and love.

Beauch. Have a care, Madam!—Feelings like mine are not to be trifled with! Once already the hopes you have inspir'd——

Lady Bell. The hour of *trifling* is past; and surely it cannot appear extraordinary, that I prefer the internal worth of an uncorrupted heart, to the outward polish of a mind too feeble to support itself against vice, in the seductive forms of fashionable dissipation.

Spark. Hey-dey! what, is your Ladyship in the plot?

Fitz. The plot has been deeper laid than you, my Lord, have been able to conceive. As I have the misfortune to be related to you, I thought it my duty to watch over your conduct. I have seen your plans, which generally tended to your confusion and disgrace; and many of them have been defeated, tho' you knew not by what means. But what fate does your Lordship design for these young people, decoy'd by you from their native ignorance and home?

Spark. Let them return to their native ignorance and home as fast as they can.

Pend. No, no; hang me if I do that!—I know Life now, and Life I'll have—Hyde-Park, Plays, Operas, and all that sort of thing.—But, Old Gentleman, as you promis'd to do something for me, what think ye of a Commission?—The Captain there can't want his now; suppose you turn it over to me?

Fitz. No, young man, you shall be taken care of; but the requisites of a soldier are not those of pertness and assurance. Intrepid spirit, nice honour, generosity, and understanding, all unite to form him.—It is these which will make a British soldier ~~once again~~ the first character in Europe.—It is such soldiers who ~~must~~ make England ~~once again~~ invincible, and her glittering arms triumphant in every quarter of the globe.

Sophy. Well, *Bobby* may do as he will—I'll go back to Cornwall directly, and warn all my neighbours to take special

ſpecial care how they truſt to a Lord's promiſes at an Election again. *(and Exit R.*

Spark. Well, great attempts and great failings mark the life of a man of ſpirit!—There is eclat even in my diſappointment to-night; and I am ready for a freſh ſet of adventures to-morrow.

Fitz. Incorrigible man!—But I have done with *you.*—*Beauchamp* has anſwered all my hopes, and the diſcernment of this charming woman, in rewarding him, merits the happineſs that awaits her; and that I may give the fulleſt ſanction to her choice, I declare *him* heir to my eſtate. This, I know, is a ſtroke your Lordſhip did not expect.

Beauch. And was it then to you, Sir!—The tumults of my gratitude——

Fitz. Your conduct has completely rewarded me; and in adopting you——

Lady Bell. (interrupting) Oh, I proteſt againſt that!—Our union would then appear a prudent, *ſober* buſineſs, and I ſhould loſe the credit of having done a mad thing for the ſake of the man—my heart prefers.

Fitz. To you I reſign him with pleaſure: his fate is in your hands.

Lady Bell. Then he ſhall continue a ſoldier—one of thoſe whom Love and his Country detain to guard her deareſt, *laſt* poſſeſſions.

Beauch. Love and my Country! Yes, ye ſhall divide my heart.——Animated by ſuch paſſions, our forefathers were invincible; and if we wou'd preſerve the freedom and independence they obtain'd for us, we muſt imitate their virtues.

23 Minutes

FINIS.

L^d Sparkle - No, and I have granted some post obits on that estate, and that is a stroke you didn't expect!

Pen - Lord Sparkle - Beaumont Esq^r - Fitz - Jun^r - Bart

R.

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2 Hours & 30 Min (with delays)

Dec^r 17^th 1829.